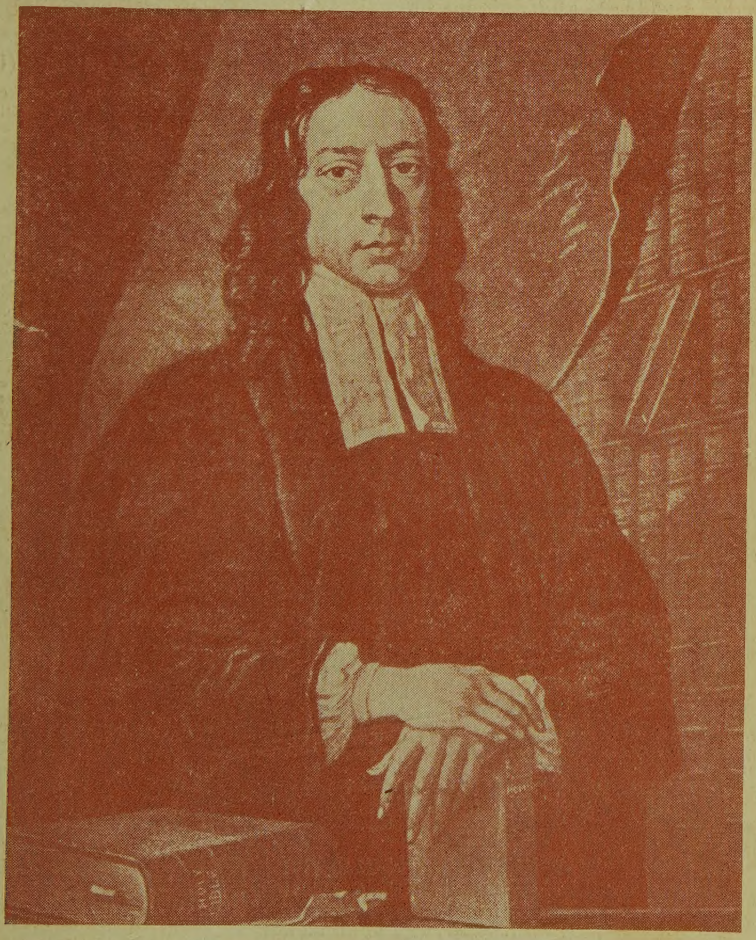
NOVEMBER, 1928

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778.



London
The Methodist Publishing House
J. Alfred Sharp

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

Board of Management for Wesleyan Secondary Schools.

The Wesleyan Conference has under its control FOUR PUBLIC BOARDING SCHOOLS for the sons of Methodists and others.

SITUATED IN CONVENIENT CENTRES. INCLUSIVE FEES VARY FROM 60 GUINEAS TO £75 PER ANNUM.

All profits are devoted to improvements. All parents desiring a sound education for their boys are urged, before coming to a decision, to obtain illustrated Prospectuses from the Head Masters.

East Anglian School, Bury St. Edmunds.
JOHN W. SKINNER, M.A. (Lond.)

Kent College, Canterbury.
ALFRED BROWNSCOMBE, M.A. (Cantab.)

Truro College, Cornwall.
EGBERT H. MAGSON, M.A. (Lond.) B.Sc. (Bir.)
Special arrangements for Boys from Abroad.

Woodhouse Grove, Apperley Bridge, Bradford.
CLIFFORD W. TOWLSON, M.A. (Oxon.)

A Wesleyan Boarding School for Girls:
Lady Principal: Miss HANNA, B.A.

WEST CORNWALL COLLEGE, Penzance.
(Apply to the Lady Principal.)

Prospectuses may also be obtained of the Secretary, Board of Management for Wesleyan Secondary Schools (Central Offices), 130 Horseferry Road, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

A New Book of the N.C.H.O.

Children on Wheels.

Adventures with the Children of the N.C.H.O. on Tour.

By HERBERT J. SUGDEN. Crown 8vo., cloth. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

In 1909 Mr. Sugden began his wanderings with the concert companies of boys and girls, and he has travelled far and wide on these errands of mercy. He has much to tell about the choirs and their entertainments, and it all sparkles. He lets us into the secret of his sermons, and gives us a list of texts which have helped 'him to the heart of the matter—the children—within a few minutes of starting, and staying there till the end.' His experiences are amusing and delightful. The book overflows with humour and loving sympathy with the little folk in whose company Mr. Sugden has spent so many happy years.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
Buy locally and save postage.
THE EPWORTH PRESS,
(J. Alfred Sharp),
25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

By MARK GUY PEARSE.

HE MUST REIGN

and other Bible Studies.

Crown 8vo., cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

Mark Guy Pearse here gives twelve expositions of great Bible themes, fused with sympathy and lit up with faith and hope.

By Dr. J. SCOTT LIDGETT.

REMINISCENCES.

With portrait. Demy 8vo., cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

Dr. Lidgett holds a unique place in the Wesleyan ministry, and these Reminiscences help us to understand how he has gained it, and to measure in some small degree the influence he has exerted as Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement, Alderman of the L.C.C., theologian, educationist, and a powerful Methodist leader.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
Buy locally and save postage.
THE EPWORTH PRESS,
(J. Alfred Sharp),
25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

A FAMOUS PENNY HYMN BOOK IN A NEW ENLARGED EDITION

THE CRUSADER'S HYMNAL

Prices

Paper ... ... 1*d.*
Covered ... ... 1½*d.*
Limp Cloth Covers 3*d.*
Large Type Edition 4*d.* to 2/-

A NEW EVANGELISTIC HYMN-BOOK FOR POPULAR SERVICES

A SPLENDID SELECTION CONTAINING 112 POPULAR HYMNS

Specimen post free, 1½*d.*

Edition with Music
Demy 8vo. Old Notation.

Paper Covers ... 1/6
Limp Cloth ... 2/-
Cloth Boards ... 2/6

Also in Sol-fa at same prices

THE 'CHOIR' OFFICE, 25 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

New 'Epworth' Books.

Evolution and the Spirit of Man.

By J. PARTON MILUM, B.Sc., Ph.D. Demy 8vo., cloth, gilt. **7/6** net. (Post 6d.)

For those interested in the great subject of Evolution Dr. Milum's writing will provoke much thought.

He aims at re-reading the facts of scientific research in biology, geology, anthropology, and psychology, so as to throw light on the evolutionary world-view of man himself. Dr. Milum has his feet firmly grounded on experience and his eye on the world as a whole. There are seven chapters in the book besides an Introduction on Evolution and Philosophy. Among the topics are, 'What is the Spirit of Man?' 'Does Nature yield evidence of Purpose?' and 'Christianity with the background of Evolution?'

Wesley's Legacy to the World.

Studies in the permanent values of the Evangelical Revival. By J. ERNEST RATTENBURY. The Quillian Lectures, 1928. Demy 8vo., cloth, gilt, **7/6** net. (Post 6d.)

'There is no more severe test for a book than to expose it to the criticism of a reviewer who is surfeited with the subject, and who is himself writing on the same theme. Mr. Rattenbury's book survives this test. I read it through at one sitting, and found it so interesting that I could not put it down, and so illuminating that I have had to re-read it. Mr. Rattenbury has an easy finished style and there is not a dull page or a badly constructed sentence in the whole book.'

—Arnold Lunn in *Review of The Churches.*

Through the Eyes of his Enemies.

Studies in the Interpretation of Jesus. By ERNEST G. LOOSLEY, B.D. Cloth, gilt, **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

'A most stimulating book. . . . One merit of the book is that the plain man can follow the treatment throughout with unflagging interest. Another merit is that the more advanced student will find a great deal to arrest his attention. A word of special praise is due to the thoroughness shown in the additional notes, and in particular that concerning irony in the Gospels. . . . We most cordially commend to others a study of the Gospel narratives which we have read with eagerness and gratitude.'

—*Methodist Recorder.*

THE EPWORTH PRESS,
(J. Alfred Sharp),
25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

John Bunyan:

HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

THE REV. R. WINBOULT HARDING has written this book on Bunyan's Life and Times in view of the Tercentenary of the Bedford Tinker's birth, and there is nothing better obtainable. It describes his early days at Elstow, his two and a half years in the army, and the way in which 'Grace Abounding' found him after days of bitter penitence. His autobiography is chiefly concerned with an inward struggle which lasted for four years. The things which troubled him were not outward sins. They were fears and doubts. Esau's example was a constant menace to the Bedford penitent; the figure of the Cities of Refuge a continual comfort. Deliverance came under the ministry of John Gifford, and he was soon a village preacher. It is a story which never loses its appeal, and Mr. Harding follows him to the prison in which he spent twelve years, and where *Grace Abounding* was written. On his release he became pastor to the Bedford meeting-house, and was known as 'Bishop Bunyan' through a wide circle of towns and villages. When he was sent to the prison on the bridge-head he wrote the first part of *Pilgrim's Progress,* and followed it on his release by the second part, *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman, The Holy War,* and *The Jerusalem Sinner Saved.* He died at Snow Hill on August 31, 1688, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. Mr. Harding has chapters on *Pilgrim's Progress* as a Map of the Road, as Literature, as a work of Art, and closes with the Man himself. Courage was one of his favourite virtues. His blood was up when he described the fight between Greatheart and Giant Maul, but he knows how to admire the dogged persistence of Christian as he climbs the Hill Difficulty and no one is more touchingly described than Mr. Fearing. Our Puritan loved music, and sets the bells ringing again and again. He delights in children, rejoices to hear the birds singing, and basks in sunshine. Mr. Harding certainly makes us love and honour Bunyan more than ever. The book is wonderfully cheap at 2s. 6d. net.

LONDON: THE EPWORTH PRESS

NEW AND RECENT BOOKS.

The Great Realities.

Sermons by SAMUEL J. HOBAN. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, gilt. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

These sermons, delivered at the Sydney Central Mission were signally blest to many. The Soul's need of God to vitalize and satisfy it; the power of Christ to meet all the aspirations of the race; the Resurrection of Christ and the problems of to-day, these are some of the great themes treated by a true evangelist.

The Transforming Friendship:

A Book about Jesus and Ourselves.

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, gilt. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.) Second Edition.

Mark Guy Pearse says, 'There is throughout the book a tender human sympathy and a ready human understanding. . . . A good book, beautiful and blessed, full of grace and truth.'

Christian Evidences and Teaching.

By R. P. HADDEN, M.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

This volume is intended to help those who earnestly wish to take the Bible at its full face value, as well as to be of assistance to those who have embraced a 'modernist' attitude. The author expresses his strong conviction that the Bible has nothing to fear from facts.

The Doctrines of Jesus.

By W. H. BATHO GIBBON, B.D. Cloth boards. **3/-** net. (Post 3d.)

A penetrating story concisely written. Free from technical phraseology, the foundations of Christian truth and religious experience are dealt with in a way that will awaken and hold the interest of the reader.

The Personality of Paul.

By H. G. TUNNICLIFF, B.A. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. **3/-** net. (Post 3d.) Paper cover, **2/-** net. (Post 2d.)

Twelve studies in which the amazing influence which the Apostle to the Gentiles exercised over the minds and hearts of men is discussed with sympathy and understanding. Questions for study circles are appended to the readings.

John Wesley.

By WILLIAM WAKINSHAW. 88 pp. Paper. **1/-** net. (Post 1d.) Cloth, **2/-** net. (Post 2d.)

A brief but very readable sketch and estimate of a marvellous career, written in a popular way for the reader to whom more scholarly volumes are not within reach.

Tales of Our Village.

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN. Demy 8vo, cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

A set of sketches, with a loving spirit, as well as a trained eye behind them, and though each tale is complete in itself, we feel before we reach the last that we know and love all the village.

The Bible among Men.

Addresses by J. H. RITSON, M.A., D.D., Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Cr. 8vo., cloth. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.).

Dr. Ritson leads us from land to land rejoicing over the triumphs of the glorious Book. Translators and Colporteurs have their place in the story, and we get views of other religions hungering for the true Word of Life. Speakers and preachers will find this volume adds new interest to all their pleas for the greatest of Societies.

The Minister among his People.

Practical Hints on Pastoral Psychology. By W. DEANE, M.A., B.D. Cr. 8vo. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

To the preacher who wishes intensively to cultivate the pastoral side of his ministry Mr. Deane offers practical counsel. The testimony of personal experience reinforces the writer's observations.

God's Message.

Sermons and Addresses by GEORGE G. FINDLAY, B.A., D.D. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch, by MARY G. FINDLAY, M.Sc. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. **5/-** net. (Post 5d.)

God's Message is a set of Sermons and Addresses by George G. Findlay which will stir many delightful memories of a prince among scholars and a profound master of New Testament exposition.

The Religious Basis of Citizenship.

By V. D. SIDDONS, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.) Paper cover, **1/6** net. (Post 2d.)

A convenient summary in five sections for those who would like to be able to answer the question: 'What is the Biblical basis for your social ideals?' A very helpful bibliography and questionary is given at the end of each section.

Christianity in Action.

By W. F. LOFTHOUSE, M.A., D.D. Cloth. **2/6** net. (Post 3d.)

With Professor Lofthouse we look at Christianity in the Home and in the School; in the Workshop and the Office; we see its bearing on Adolescence, on Friendship, and on Games.

A Life of St. Paul for Young People.

By R. C. PARKIN, Author of *A Life of Jesus for Young People.* Cloth with 8 illustrations in colour, 12 in black and white, and coloured jacket. **3/6** net. (Post 5d.). Fibrette boards, coloured frontispiece. 12 illustrations in black and white, and coloured jacket, **2/-** net. (Post 3d.).

A full list of new and recent issues will be sent on request.

THE EPWORTH PRESS, J. Alfred Sharp, 25-35 City Rd., LONDON, E.C.1.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece—

Rev. Bishop John W. Hamilton, D.D.

PAGE

John Wesley's Room—This Number of the Magazine—John Bunyan's Month—The Bible Society's Faith—Boreham of the Antipodes - - - - - - 641

The Archbishop of Canterbury—A Wesleyan Methodist Tribute - - - - - - - - - - 643

By J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., D.D.

Bishop Hamilton's Good-bye - - - - - - - 647

East Anglia and its Methodism.—I. - - - - - 648

By William H. Heap.

Christian Discipleship. XI.—The Miracle of the Will - - - - - - - - - - - - - 652

By H. Maldwyn Hughes, M.A., D.D.

The Gates of Memory (*Poetry*) - - - - - - 655

By Alfred J. Perry, M.C.

The Last Elizabethan Paladin - - - - - - 656

By John Telford, B.A.

Life from a Manse Window. XI.—Bazaars, Sales of Work, and Other Efforts - - - - - - 662

By Hilary Hope.

Lord of Abundant Life (*Poetry*) - - - - - - 665

By W. A. L. Taylor, B.A.

William Henry Fitchett, LL.D.—A Great Australian 666

By J. E. Carruthers, D.D.

Where the Jaffa Orange Grows - - - - - - 671

By George E. Arrowsmith, M.A., F.R.G.S.

Per Ardua ad Astra (*Poetry*) - - - - - - - 675

By Lerne Ormsby.

From a Prison Diary—The Hunger Strike - - 676

By P. K. Horan.

The Two Martyrdoms (*Poetry*) - - - - - - 683

By Charles Close, M.C.

What Ministers Have Died? - - - - - - - - 684

By J. Sercombe Hartley.

The Cellar—Tales of Our Village (Second Series) - 686

By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

Moses in Exile (*Poetry*) - - - - - - - - - 696

By Henry Burton, D.D.

Music and Literature. IV.—Bunyan - - - - - 698

By James T. Lightwood.

Leaves from My Portfolio. XI.—Mamma - - - - - - - - 702

By Gabrielle Garth.

A "BOREHAM" BOOK

Is Always a Good Gift.

Among genial fireside essayists Frank Boreham is unique, for he can moralise and even preach, without for a moment losing that graceful literary touch and that easy, intimate charm which beguile the most sermon-shy reader. Mr. Boreham discourses on everyday problems with a contagious Christian optimism, a freshness of view-point, and a penetration of insight which makes his work a genuine refreshment.

Each. price 5/- net. (Post 4d.)

1. **The Luggage of Life.**
2. **Mountains in the Mist.**
3. **The Golden Milestone.**
4. **Mushrooms on the Moor.**
5. **Faces in the Fire.**
6. **The Other Side of the Hill.**
7. **The Silver Shadow.**
8. **The Uttermost Star.**
9. **A Reel of Rainbow.**
10. **The Home of the Echoes.**
11. **Shadows on the Wall.**
12. **Rubble and Roseleaves.**
13. **Wisps of Wildfire.**
14. **The Crystal Pointers.**
15. **A Tuft of Comet's Hair.**
16. **The Nest of Spears.**
17. **The Fiery Crags** (just published).

In his delightful books on great texts Mr. Boreham approaches great themes in a new and interesting way. These unique studies take well-known texts which have woven themselves into human lives and bring out with rare felicity the transformations wrought by them in character and in conduct.

Cloth, gilt, 6/- net each. (Post 4d.)

1. **A Bunch of Everlastings.**
2. **A Casket of Cameos.**
3. **A Handful of Stars.**
4. **A Faggot of Torches.**
5. **A Temple of Topaz.**

Dainty Booklets.

Fancy cover, 6d. net. Art boards, 1/- net. Lambskin, 2/6 net. (Post 1½d.)

A PRESSED NASTURTIUM.

A Christmas story.

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

The story of a historic Christmas Day. (Cover in colours).

THE GREEN CHAIR.

An essay of the vacant chair and the chair that was never occupied.

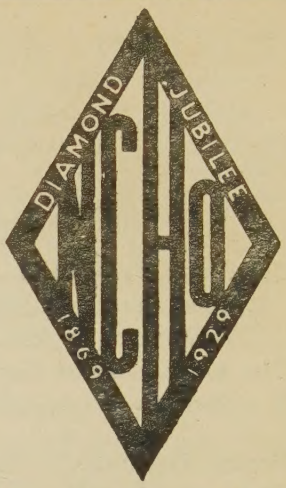
THE LITTLE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.

A delightful essay on 'The Little Child that is to be,' 'The Little Child that was,' 'The Little Child that is,' 'The Little Child that never was.'

THE EPWORTH PRESS,

(J. Alfred Sharp),

25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.



These Sixty Years

SIXTY YEARS AGO by rescuing some twenty lads from the streets of London Dr. T. B. Stevenson founded the first Branch of the Children's Home. In his lifetime the family thus gathered together grew to over a thousand.

TO-DAY in the thirty Branches of the National Children's Home and Orphanage there are four thousand boys and girls. From these Homes nearly twenty thousand have gone out to do their work in the world.

EVERY DAY brings its special appeals to help orphaned and friendless children in distress and peril. Your gift will bring to them new hope and opportunity for the years to come.

DIAMOND JUBILEE FUND OF SIXTY THOUSAND GUINEAS

to commemorate Sixty eYars of Child Saving by building new Houses, Hostels, and Hospitals for the Four Thousand Boys and Girls in the Thirty Branches of the

National Children's Home and Orphanage

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson)

Principal: Rev. W. HODSON SMITH.

Chief Offices—

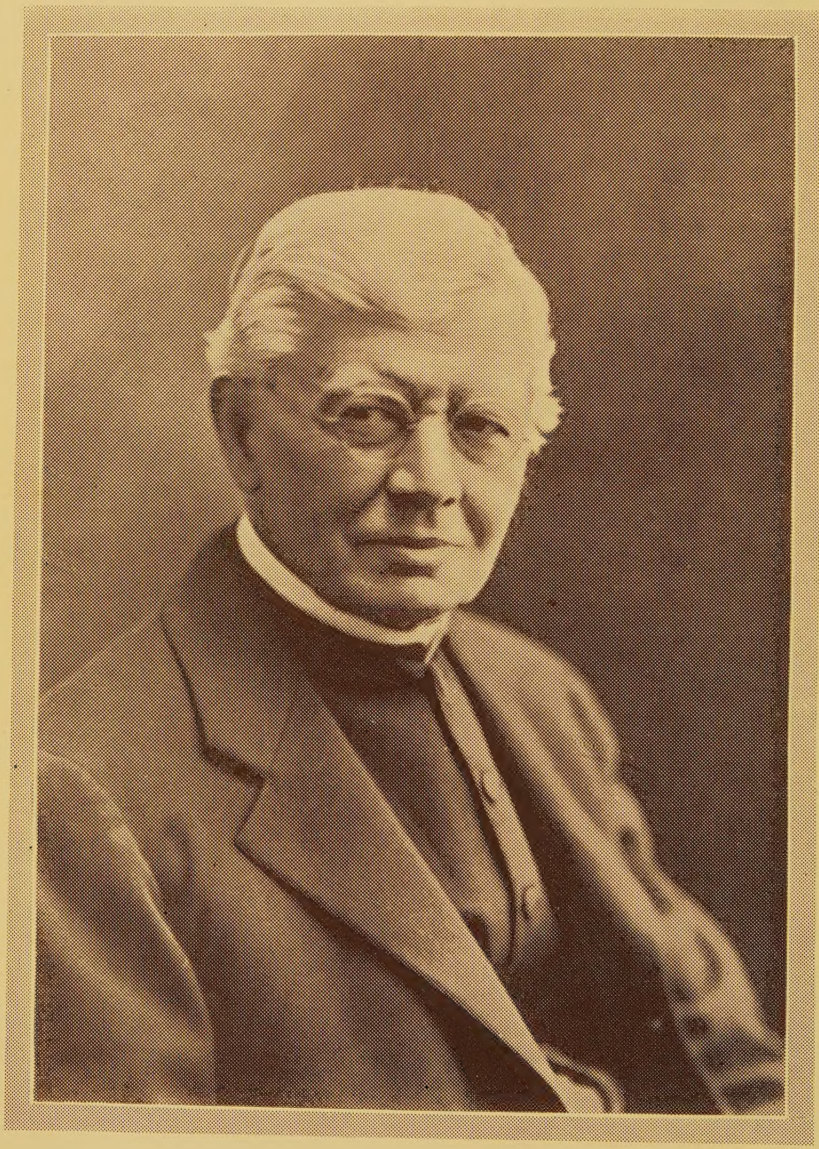
HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5.

General Treasurers—

Sir CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD, Bart., C.B.E.
Sir THOMAS BARLOW, Bart., M.D., F.R.S.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/methodist-magazine-gb_1928-11_151



Faithfully
John W. Hamilton

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778
Volume 151 November, 1928

John Wesley's Room.

THE happy ceremony at Lincoln College on September 10 was a sequel to the Bicentenary Celebration of Wesley's entrance on his Fellowship in 1726. The Rector and Fellows of the College gave a warm welcome to their visitors, and Bishop Hamilton's address showed how Wesley is linking the new world and the old in sacrificial labour for the race. Nothing could have been more gracious than Mr. Munro's words, and Dr. Sharp's epitome of the life of Wesley and the progress of Methodism during the twenty-five years that Wesley held his Fellowship was much appreciated, both by the Rector and Fellows of Lincoln and the Methodists who came from many places to the opening of the transformed rooms. Bishop Hamilton and his brother were warmly congratulated on the success of their united labours. The oak panelled room is so beautiful that one could fancy Wesley stepping out of the Romney frame and spending an hour in thanksgiving for all that Lincoln College meant to him and to the world.

This Number of the Magazine.

Bishop Hamilton's good-bye strikes a happy note. He carries with him the love and gratitude of all who honour John Wesley and rejoice that the scene which is hallowed by memories of the Holy Club is now made worthy of its great traditions. Special interest will also be taken in Dr. Lidgett's tribute to the Archbishop of Canterbury who lays down the great responsibilities which he has borne so nobly for a quarter of a century. The sketch of Bishop Quayle shows what varied gifts are represented in the American Methodist episcopate. We are glad to include a passing tribute to ministers who have died during the year. It will awake many grateful memories. Bunyan's music opens a pleasant line of approach to his books.

John Bunyan's Month.

No one can overlook John Bunyan in this month of November. He was born three centuries ago, but he is still a living power among us. We never cease to marvel at his gifts of imagination, his power of expressing vital truths in language that not only charms but fastens itself on the memory. We set out with him from the City of Destruction; we struggle through sloughs and

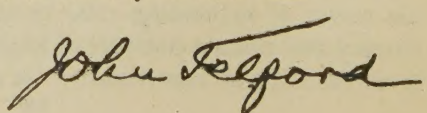
fight giants; we get in and out of Doubting Castle till at length we find ourselves in the river and climb up to the Celestial City. We do not wonder that the final scenes of both parts of the *Pilgrim's Progress* make music in the hearts of all who tread the pilgrim road to glory, honour, and everlasting life.

The Bible Society's Faith.

'We believe in a Christ-like world. We know nothing better and are content with nothing less.' That was the declaration of the Council at Jerusalem last April. It is the faith of the Bible Society and of all Christians. The small Report dwells on 'The Glory of the Garden.' To make the world's wildernesses blossom as the rose is a task that spreads over many seasons, but there is manifest progress, and nothing speeds the transformation like the spread of the Scriptures. For the first time in the Society's history fourteen new versions have been added to its list in a single year. Every copy is a missionary carrying good tidings to human hearts. Nine of the new versions are for Africa. That vast continent is now covered by agencies of the Society. From Port Said there stretches out a new world of agencies. Khartum is the centre of operations for the Sudan. The motor-car has turned a journey of seven days by camel into a matter of seven hours. There is no limit to the opportunity which the world offers to the Bible Society and every page of the two Reports shows with what enterprise and devotion it is being carried on. The coloured maps are eloquent witnesses to the vastness of the task and the zeal with which it is being pursued.

Boreham of the Antipodes.

Mr. Webster's interview with Mr. Boreham, which appears in *Zion's Herald,* is of unusual interest. The University of Toronto has just made him a doctor of divinity. He is to be absent from Australia for nine months preaching and lecturing in Canada and the United States. Mr. Webster heard him preach a striking sermon on Zech. i. 20. 'The Lord showed me four carpenters.' At the dinner table his face showed how much he enjoyed a pleasant joke. He writes an essay a week, and for years has bought and read a book every week—big, ponderous ones which he sits up late to read and never seems to forget. Hosts of readers all round the world will agree that in his style as an author he is without compeer. At Melbourne crowds gather from all parts of the city to hear him.



The Archbishop of Canterbury

A WESLEYAN METHODIST TRIBUTE

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

DR. RANDALL T. DAVIDSON lays down his great office as Archbishop of Canterbury in the *annus mirabilis* of his very distinguished and eventful life. During this year he has reached his eightieth birthday, celebrated his golden wedding, and completed twenty-five years of his primacy of all England. He has held office for a longer period than any other Archbishop since the Reformation. He is the first Archbishop to resign his See throughout the long history of the Church of England. He does so with such unimpaired spiritual and mental vigour as to give ground for confident hope that his counsel and influence may be available in the affairs both of Church and State for years to come. Finally, he retires, after dealing with a succession of crises which have tested his character and capacity at every point, with a wealth of universal appreciation, respect, and affection that has not been enjoyed even by the greatest of his predecessors. Even the recent defeats of the Prayer Book Measure in the House of Commons, —the only great reverse in his career—have served, by the way in which he has handled the situation, rather to increase than to diminish his prestige; or, at least, to raise the esteem and deepen the sympathy in which he is held owing to the lofty spirit and the single-minded devotion he has displayed throughout the painful controversy. What greater tribute can be paid to the Archbishop than the bare statement of these facts!

The demands made upon the Archbishop of Canterbury have been greatly increased during Dr. Davidson's term of office. And this, first of all, in the ecclesiastical sphere. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the recognized Head of the Anglican Church throughout the world. Yet the bonds that unite its far-flung dioceses to Lambeth are, in increasing measure, rather spiritual and moral than external. They could be sensibly and even gravely weakened were the Archbishop to fail in any of the high qualities of character, mind, and heart that preserve the world relationships of the Church through the personal relations of

the Episcopate, and the common feeling of the whole Communion. And the situation has become much more complex in recent years, owing in part to the development of self-consciousness, as well as of self-government, throughout the different parts of the British Empire, and in part to the growth of Missionary Churches throughout the world, with the multiplicity of problems that arise owing to both these developments. Almost any day spent at Lambeth Palace would suffice to show how ceaseless, varied, and exacting are the calls thus made upon the attention, patience, and wisdom of the Archbishop.

Outside the narrower ecclesiastical sphere a similar growth of complexity and attendant responsibility has taken place. Domestic politics have become increasingly social and economic. The question of the Condition of the People overshadows all others, and is dealt with by Parliament, Government, and Local Authorities, instead of being left to the sporadic efforts of voluntary philanthropy. The social conscience of the Church as a whole has been greatly quickened and its sympathies have been both widened and deepened. Yet the issues involved are dealt with by political parties and by Party Governments, and the Church, while exerting its influence in regard to them all, must do so without becoming committed either to support or to oppose any particular political party in the State. The situation that arises can only be dealt with by a rare combination of courage, sympathy, and discretion. The internal leadership of the Church in such matters calls for the ceaseless exercise of these qualities: still more, when the leader of the Church is called upon to make statements and to give votes concerning them in the House of Lords. The range of this responsibility is greatly extended by the ceaseless emergence of fresh humanitarian calls both imperial and international, owing to the political, commercial, and industrial development of the world. The days —if they ever existed—when Archbishops could go on their way serenely indifferent to these calls have now passed away. An Archbishop, if he be adequate to his task, must be quick to perceive, capable of comprehending, courageous, and yet cautious in handling all these problems as they arise. And in dealing with them, he should have put himself in a position to represent, from time to time, the common Christian convictions and sentiments of all the Churches, and indeed of all men of good will. And this without the slightest suspicion of seeking personal, sectional or ecclesiastical advantage, and without even

distantly suggesting that the Church, as such, should dominate the State, or improperly interfere with the rights and duties of the Constitutional Authorities of the State.

Finally, the maintenance of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England has become in some respects more difficult during Dr. Davidson's tenure of Archi-episcopal office. The grant of a great measure of self-government by the Enabling Act which created the Church Assembly, if it has made it easier to elicit the mind of the Church has made the utterance of differing minds more vocal and responsible, and the task of finding a common mind more exacting. Then, again, the parallel growth of episcopal solicitude and of local self-government has complicated still further the exercise of discipline—a difficulty increased by the steadily growing assumptions and the more effective organization of the Anglo-Catholic party, on the one hand, and by the responding challenge of Modernism on the other.

When all this is borne in mind, the greatest possible tribute that can be paid to Dr. Davidson is that he has been enabled by unceasing growth of spiritual and moral qualities, of intellectual grasp, and human sympathies, to rise steadily to the complete discharge of his growing responsibilities, and to make full use of his unrivalled experience in the broadest interests of the Kingdom of God. His hold upon the Anglican Church throughout the world has grown with the years and is complete. He has drawn other Churches together, and especially the Non-Episcopal Churches of this country, in common counsel and united action as no previous Archbishop has done. His ever-ready and wise advocacy of humane and moral causes in the House of Lords has done more than any other influence to enlarge ' the Nonconformist conscience ' to a common Christian consciousness, and he has maintained the unity of the Anglican Church by the golden link of his character, wisdom, and devotion.

Dr. Davidson succeeded to the Archbishopric when the Education controversy was most acute. Later on, he had to guide, both supporting and moderating, the great agitation for Congo Reform. Then came, in rapid succession, the Great War, Welsh Disestablishment, and the new order of things under the Enabling Act. The Lambeth Appeal to all Christian People in 1920, and the long discussions about the revision of the Prayer Book, made great demands upon his discrimination, patience, and tact. It is impossible here and now to discuss his attitude

towards and his handling of these various questions. It would be unreasonable to expect universal agreement with his policies as a whole or with his actions in detail in regard to any or all of these questions. Yet one general remark must be made. The present writer has been in constant and intimate relations with Dr. Davidson throughout all these years, and in regard to all these, and to many other questions. He has known the Archbishop both in controversy and in co-operation. As the result, he can but bear unreserved and whole-hearted testimony to the high-minded devotion of his life, to the catholicity of his spirit, to the ready and comprehensive grasp of his mind, and to the serene kindliness and patience of his temper, which have never failed either in meeting urgent and anxious crises, or in dealing with the wearing demands of daily routine. And all this in spite of the recurring disability of ill-health!

Dr. Davidson served a great apprenticeship as Chaplain to Archbishop Tait, as Dean of Windsor, and subsequently as Bishop of Rochester and then of Winchester. All the experience thus gathered laid the foundation of his greatness as Archbishop. What adequate mention can be made of the debt he owes to the noble and gracious lady who has shared his life for the past half-century, and has shed a gracious radiance upon Lambeth, with all its activities and its boundless hospitality, throughout her husband's Primacy? May they both long be spared to one another and to the Church, still advancing all the high interests in which they have been so perfectly united, and sharing the unsurpassed earthly satisfaction of living in the grateful admiration and affection of all who have been brought into contact with them!

* * * * * *

Dr. Rigg's *Life* (pp. 365-7) shows what close and happy relations he maintained with Dr. Davidson from the time when he was chaplain to Dr. Tait. He sent him the second edition of *Oxford High Anglicanism*. The Bishop had read it before, but now read it again and wrote that though he could not share all its opinions, it could not 'fail to be a good thing for English Christian life that such a book as yours should be widely read and pondered.' In 1907 when Dr. Rigg wrote on another matter the Archbishop replied, 'I have valued your friendship for many years, and I have always felt that in you we had in England a man who is able to look fairly at controversial questions, and to appreciate the endeavours and ideals of a National Church.'

EDITOR.

Bishop Hamilton's Good-bye

Bishop Hamilton, whose portrait we give this month, is a living link between the Methodism of the two worlds divided by the Atlantic, but knit together in a union which promises more and more to lift our race to nobler living and to peace and goodwill which cannot be broken. This is a note written on his way home after the delightful close of his and his brother's work for Wesley's rooms at Lincoln College, Oxford.

WE have an altar here and we love the habitation of its house. England is the old home. There must be friendship of friends that love at all times between the United States and Great Britain. Their standards of life, learning, morals, trade, politics, science, and religion are the same. Their conduct must not diverge.

The ethics of the State cannot differ from that of the individual. Righteousness is righteousness; truth is truth. No interpretation is yet perfect. But both countries must be going on to perfection: the world moves forward, not backward, up, and not down.

Statesmanship must at least keep pace with the interpretations. Diplomacy must not fall behind. Bismarck's rule of deception and secrecy will not serve to-day. France and England must comply with the demands of the better day and bring forth the better deed as well as the two Americas, China, and Japan.

All have sinned and come short, but the appeal is not to one and another, but to the incontestable standards. Force, violation, appeal to armies and navies cannot change the irrevocable laws of God and Nature. The soul of the State that sinneth, like the soul of any other sinner, soon or late shall die; the wages of sin is death. How much better is the Way, the Truth, the Life that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The United States of America now holds the advantage of wealth and opportunity. Let her example be that of the Christian steward; if not let that State take to heart the lesson of the ungrateful servant that 'took another servant by the throat, saying, Pay that thou owest.'

Let all lands remember it is written, 'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.' And 'finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'

East Anglia and its Methodism

By WILLIAM H. HEAP

I

EAST ANGLIA is hardly one of the strongholds of Methodism. Throughout the whole area there are few big buildings or ornate churches. Nowhere are there mighty congregations to compare with those of our Central Mission Halls. It is an area of wide spaces and scattered populations, with communications that until quite recently have remained incredibly poor. The coming of the motor-bus bids fair to revolutionize the countryside, though it can never become in East Anglia the successful commercial proposition that it is in more crowded centres. The tides of life move sluggishly with us.

Where Wesley Preached.

In no part of the country would John Wesley feel more at home. He was accustomed to visit the district with some frequency, though Norwich alone Wesley must have visited nearly forty times, and more often than not he took opportunity when there to visit the Societies at Yarmouth and Lowestoft, Lynn and Bury St. Edmunds, Lodden and Lakenheath. He preached altogether, between 1754 and 1790, in twenty-five places in East Anglia. In two or three of these no fruit remains, for Methodism has failed to take root there.

The soil is not always fruitful. The Anglican Church is strongly rooted. Indeed churches are scattered about the countryside with a prodigality that witnesses to an age when it was an act of piety to build a church, apart from the question as to whether there were people in sufficient number to need its ministrations. Not far from where I live is a slight eminence from which one may count thirty churches, while Norwich is said to have as many churches and schoolrooms as there are weeks in a year! It can be well understood that since the roots of English life are in this part of the country, the Mother Church has a strong hold upon the affections of the people. The steady encroachments of Anglo-Catholicism are making a difference in this respect. The villager is not tolerant of vagaries in worship, and he has a deep-rooted mistrust of anything that savours of Romanism. The time is opportune for the proclamation in village

chapels and on village greens of the gospel of grace and salvation. That the opportunity will be seized I dare venture to prophesy. Even more to the point is the fact that the old Independents and Baptists had their strongholds in Eastern England. The spirit that created Cromwell's Ironsides lives on, a spirit of stubborn independence in religion as in everything else. It does not take kindly to Connexional methods of government, or even to the circuit system. Perhaps that is why the older Nonconformists rarely make good Methodists.

Wesley's Opinion of East Anglians.

In his day John Wesley passed conflicting judgements on the people of East Anglia. It is of Lynn folk that he writes, 'The people are quite of another turn, affable and humane. They have the openness and frankness common throughout the county; and they add to it good-nature, and courtesy.' Another entry in his *Journal* reads very differently: 'I met the Society at seven, and told them in plain terms that they were the most ignorant, self-conceited, self-willed, fickle, untractable, disorderly, disjointed society that I knew in the three Kingdoms.' There are places still where one moans, 'Oh! for an hour of John Wesley.' But to this diatribe he adds, 'God applied it to their hearts, so that many were profited, but I do not find that one was offended.' He had a different experience at Bury, for of the Church there he remarks, 'This love is the very thing they want, but they did not like to be told so.' If we could get rid of differences in the fellowship of believers so that the world was compelled to say 'see how these Christians love one another' there would be steadily added to the Church such as are being saved.

Wesley House and The Leys.

Still, Methodism has no reason to be ashamed of us. In East Anglia we can thankfully say, 'What hath God wrought?' Cambridge rejoices in the possession of two outstanding Institutions, and in this respect at any rate, has an advantage over its rival 'varsity at Oxford. Wesley House, the newest branch of our Theological Institution, is a beautiful building, perfectly equipped. It has already made good in the life of the University. Dr. Maldwyn Hughes, M.A., makes an ideal Principal, and it is already apparent that the appointment of his colleague, the Rev. R. Newton Flew, M.A., B.D., is of God. We shall have no reason to regret our decision to establish a college in Cambridge.

The Leys School occupies a prominent position in the town. It is a delightful block of buildings standing in its own grounds, and

possessing all the equipment of an up-to-date public school. Its progress under the headmastership of the Rev. Harry Bisseker, M.A., is most gratifying. In the educational world it is highly thought of, and those who have the advantage of being trained here, may well look back with pride and thankfulness upon their school days. If one might hint a doubt it would be whether the school has as yet made the full contribution to the life of the Methodist Church that is desirable. It is good, however, to learn that during this year one Old Leysian has gone out to India as a missionary, two others are at Cambridge in training for such work, and a fourth has just been accepted by the Conference as a Candidate for our Ministry.

The East Anglian School.

Another Connexional institution is the East Anglian School for boys at Bury St. Edmunds. The school was founded in 1881 by the late Sir Alfred Jermyn, and the late Alderman Floyd. It has been considerably enlarged, and at the present time plans are in hand for further extension. When these are completed there will be accommodation for 150 boarders, and all the equipment necessary for a Secondary School of the best type. The present head master, Dr. J. W. Skinner, M.A., has achieved remarkable success. No Methodist school in the country is more beautifully situated or more perfectly managed. Ever since its foundation the school has played an important part in the life of East Anglia, and we confidently look for an extension and deepening of that influence in the present generation.

N.C.H.O., Sheringham.

The fourth Methodist institution is the branch of the National Children's Home and Orphanage at Sheringham. The buildings were the gift of Mr. W. Garrood of Lowestoft, who, though confined to his room by weakness and old age, takes a deep interest in the development of the branch. The Home is under the capable charge of Sister Gertrude Gee, and there are at present sixty-two children in residence. We have no actual church at Sheringham, and the children worship in turn with the United and the Primitive Methodists. All the churches in Sheringham are proud of the Home, and glad to help in its maintenance.

The Church's Ordinary Work.

It is by the ordinary work of the Church, however, that Methodism must stand or fall, and not by such institutions as these. Judged by any test one cares to apply, the ordinary life of the Church reveals signs of encouragement and hope. At the last May Synod fourteen circuits recorded an increase in

membership as against five which reported decrease. There was a similar story of increase in connexion with the work of every Department. Sunday School scholars and teachers, members of Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope, members of Guilds and other Young Peoples Organizations, were all in advance of last year. The value of Connexional property is higher, and the debt thereon lower, than a year ago. East Anglia was the only District able to report an increase in its Foreign Missionary income. For Home Missions, Connexional, Sustentation, Worn-out Ministers and Theological Funds alike, an increase was reported. Ten young men offered themselves as Candidates for the Ministry.

Some Industries.

All this, let it be remembered, in an area that is almost entirely agricultural. Industry there is up to a point. Norwich produces boots of excellent quality, and boats mainly for use on the Broads. Engineering exists (I wish I could say that it flourishes) in Ipswich and elsewhere, and also factories for the manufacture of chemical manures. Printing establishments are found at Beccles and Diss. Shipping still comes to the ancient port of Lynn. Sugar-beet factories have been profitably run at Cantley, Ely, Bury, Ipswich, Lynn, &c., and a bacon factory at Elmswell. Chocolates and mustard come from Norwich, and cider from Attleborough. And, of course, everybody knows the herring industry flourishes at Yarmouth, and fishing both there and Lowestoft. In addition to this we have a network of watering places, popular and select, larger and secluded, scattered along the coast, from Felixstowe through Aldeburgh, Southwold, Kessingland, Lowestoft, Gorleston, Yarmouth, Caister, Bacton, Mundesley, Cromer, Sheringham, Salhouse, Blakeney, Wells, Brancaster, Hunstanton, to Heacham. But it remains true, even when one has taken account of Newmarket as a racing centre, of Norwich, Ely, and Bury St. Edmunds as Bishoprics of the Established Church, and of every other feature of exceptional interest, that the area is agricultural, which means that the bulk of the people work hard, and are poorly paid. It may be for this very reason that Methodism has won their confidence and affection. 'How can they who never labour, taste the sweetness of rest?' asks Wesley. In another article I hope to recount something of what Methodism is doing amongst the agricultural workers of East Anglia.

(To be continued.)

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

XI. THE MIRACLE OF THE WILL

MAN is part of Nature. He is a child of earth, sprung, as Genesis tells us, from the dust of the ground. And yet there is that in him which makes him greater than Nature, and enables him to rise above it. Man has the power of self-control and self-direction. The world moves by the operation of natural forces. Everything around us has been shaped and formed by these forces. But man is lord of Nature. He is not caught in the maelstrom of natural forces, but can direct and use them for the attainment of his own ends. He can use gravitation to further his purposes. He can bring electricity into subjection and use it to carry his messages across continents and oceans.

More than this, man can initiate and create. The sculptor can fashion an angel out of a block of marble. The artist can, with the aid of canvas and paint, produce a vision of ethereal beauty. The poet can so combine words as to give us a revelation of the infinite. Again, man can initiate great movements of thought which profoundly influence action. For centuries the institution of slavery prevailed. 'It is in the order of Nature,' said some. 'You cannot alter it.' But there were others who knew better. They set in motion thoughts and feelings which swept away the institution which was held to be an immutable fact of Nature.

What is this power which man possesses of rising above Nature and of directing it, of creating the beautiful and of initiating new movements of thought and action? It is the power of will. The forces of Nature are great and wonderful, but there is none so mighty and marvellous as will-force. You cannot explain it, but there it is, an unchallengeable fact of consciousness. You say, 'I will,' and immediately you have brought into the field a force, mightier than those of the natural order—a force which enables you to bring the world under your dominion.

And as we can bring the will to bear on the world around us, so we can bring it to bear upon the world within, that is on *ourselves*. The will is the executive officer of the personality. If it is inactive, our character is without force, weak. We may think beautiful thoughts and be moved by sublime feelings, but what does it avail if our will fail to realize them in action. The

classic illustration of this type of character in literature is Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Hamlet is a thinker and a dreamer, who lives in a world of ideas. He is continually balancing pros and cons, and can never come to a decision. His ' native resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' We find an illustration from life in Amiel's *Journal*. It is ' the record of how the springs of all practical energy were sapped by a continual brooding reflection, which never found vent in actions; it is . . . the story of a life endowed with such clearness of intellectual vision, united to such sad impotence of will, that it could trace its own failure to this single source.' He says, ' To love, to dream, to feel, to learn, to understand—all these are possible to me, if only I may be dispensed from willing.'

If illustrations of the other extreme of character be desired, they will be found in such a book as Smiles' *Self-Help*, which is a glorification of success in face of obstacles. All the qualities therein described do not merit our unqualified admiration. There are other and greater things in life than material success. The ' self-made man ' is often misnamed; for it frequently happens that in achieving success, he has unmade himself, when judged by the truest standards. But even so these men supply us with striking illustrations of the indomitable power of the will to triumph over obstacles.

The will works miracles. It breaks into the ordered sequence of things, exercises creative power, makes new beginnings, produces the unexpected and triumphs over adverse circumstances and conditions.

Since to will is so vital a factor in personality, it is our duty as Christian men to use it. Personality must move to decision and action before it can achieve anything of worth in the Christian life. The low standards which satisfy many of us spring largely from the fact that we do not use to the full the will-power with which God has endowed us. The Christian life is made up of a series of decisions—acts of will. It may be said that only one act of will is essential, surrender to Jesus Christ. But we live in a world that is hostile and that uses every device to seduce us from our allegiance. We must renew our act of will every day, and must give it even fuller expression in action.

There may be a man who hesitates whether he shall join a righteous but unpopular cause. At last he decides and his name is published among its supporters. You may say that he has crossed the rubicon, and that the die is cast. But the battle is only beginning The very next day his doubts will assail him

afresh, and he must renew his act of will. The first friend whom he meets may throw cold water upon his enthusiasm, and once more he must rally the resources of his will. As the days go by, insensibly the fires of his passion may die down, and again and again he must consecrate himself to the great cause. Then, further demands are made on his heroism. He cannot be content to be a mere passive supporter. He must be an active worker. He must *will* modes of attack and plans of campaign which will, perhaps, call forth fresh obloquy. He must endure to the end in crucial and decisive acts of will if he and his cause are to be saved.

The decision to serve Christ is only the first in a series of decisions. The world is hostile to us. It seeks to cool our enthusiasm and to seduce us from our allegiance. It draws us gradually into its service without our making any conscious renunciation of the service of Christ. It persuades us, by many subtle arguments, to be among the passive sympathizers with Jesus Christ rather than in the fighting ranks. Our only salvation lies in renewed acts of will. The policy of drift is fatal. We must face the issues of life day by day and make decisions which commit us to sacrifice and heroic enterprise for the sake of the victory of Christ in our hearts and in the world.

One of the Edinburgh schools has as its motto, ' The will does it.' It is as though the scholars said, ' The door of the temple of learning is not easily opened and its treasures are not easily won, but *the will does it.*'

It is one of the secrets of the Christian life that fellowship with Christ increases the power of the will a hundredfold. You may be passing through fierce temptation, and you may be yielding. You say, ' The odds are against me. I can hold out no longer.' Not so. You have not yet resisted unto blood. You have not exhausted the resources of the Christian will. There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear. With every temptation there is opened to you a way of escape that you may be able to bear it.

We make the mistake of imagining that self-will is a sign of strength, and self-surrender is a sign of weakness. It is a tragic and pathetic mistake. Obstinacy is not strength, but weakness masquerading as strength. Self-will is a misdirected will. The will is only really strong when it is directed to right ends, that is when it is identified with the Almighty Will that is the fountain of all power and goodness.

Christ makes a hard demand on us, when He asks us to

surrender our wills. ' Our wills are ours '—the very citadel of our personality. ' Our wills are ours. We know not how '—but *ours*. It is hard to pass on and say, ' Our wills are ours to make them Thine.' Yet only so does the will attain to full power and freedom. Until we accept Jesus Christ we say, ' To will is present with me, but how to do that which is good is not.' But when we have fully surrendered ourselves to Christ we learn to say, ' I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me.'

The Gates of Memory

A Poem for Armistice Day

By ALFRED J. PERRY, M.C.

Upon the gates of new-born Ypres are written
The names of men whose broken bodies lie
In that grim arc, for ever dear to Britain,
Hallowed by feet of angels passing by.

And there are mem'ry's gates, on which are graven
Fond scenes of childhood, hopes oft-merged with tears,
War's strident call, suspense and panic craven
Lest he be stricken in his Springtime years!

And then the dreaded news and desolation,
And later, gentle hands to lift the pall;
And dawning knowledge: Would we save our nation?
Then there are mothers who must give their all.

For such as these the gateway opens wider
As mem'ry lengthens with the passing years;
And death has ceased to be the great divider,
Cleaving communion, starting bitter tears.

Look, all you mothers, though with blurrèd vision,
See lines of shining heroes in their might!
And thank your God for healing tear's provision,
Lest you be dazzled with excess of light!

And as you stand tense—listening to the story
Told in the stillness by an angel's breath,
November hearts catch gleams of Easter glory!
Immortal Life is born! Vanquished is death!

On Menin Gates the names of martyrs glorious;
And sweetly sad the song that mem'ry sings;
But Faith and Hope make music all-victorious—
Singing: ' They passed the Gates of Life on Wings.'

The Last Elizabethan Paladin

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

THE GOLDEN HIND SERIES which Messrs. Lane are publishing, brings its readers into vivid association with the famous Elizabethans who laid the foundations of England's imperial greatness. Mr. E. F. Benson's *Drake* is rightly set in the forefront of the Series, and Mr. Milton Waldman's *Sir Walter Raleigh* is worthy to stand by the side of Mr. Stebbing's *Life*, and the volumes which we owe to Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir Rennell Rodd. Maps and portraits add distinctly to its value, and though it pays ample honour to Raleigh, it is by no means blind to certain blemishes which make him compare unfavourably with his illustrious contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney.

The Growth of his Reputation.

To the Elizabethans, save a comparative few, such as his relatives and his fellow west-countrymen, Raleigh was an upstart, untrustworthy, grasping, overbearing, owing his success as much to the capricious middle-aged lady who sat on the throne as to his own versatile talents. The latter were, in a measure, recognized by his equals; the common people considered more closely the patents and privileges which he wheedled out of the doting Queen, the extravagant estate which he supported at their expense. ' Then, after a manifestly unjust conviction for treason, came the thirteen years in the Tower, whence spread from time to time news of the wizard who was engaged in incredible chemical experiments and of the sage who was writing a colossal *History of the World* from its very beginning. The courtier was disgraced, the Croesus in rags; and when he issued forth on the last despairing mission to retrieve his fortunes and restore his fame, his countrymen began to see him as what in fact he was, the last Paladin of that great age which was already fading from memory.' The way he faced death restored his reputation and 'achieved a vindication and a triumph as complete as his own insatiable soul could have wished.'

His Early Life.

That fine estimate forms an introduction to Mr. Waldman's biography. Raleigh belonged to the company of Devonshire heroes who established our sea-supremacy. He was born about 1520 at Hayes Barton near Budleigh Salterton of an ancient

Protestant stock. His mother had three sons, John, Adrian and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, before she married the elder Raleigh and bore him two sons, Carew and Walter. Walter went up to Oxford in 1568 and entered Oriel as an undergraduate in 1572, where he ' became the ornament of the juniors, and was worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy.' He could not have spent much time at the University before 1572, for in 1569 he took part in the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour. It seems fairly certain that he did not return to England till 1575, when he brought back a sound knowledge of French and of military strategy, but was without a means of livelihood. He fixed his quarters in the Temple, and was probably attached to the Court through one of his relatives. Certain anecdotes reveal his wit, high spirits, gay pranks as a young man of the day.

A Soldier in Ireland.

In 1578 he commanded the *Falcon* in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's unfortunate expedition, and then followed him to Ireland, where he proved a splendid soldier, and performed feats of bravery which made a profound impression. He was devoted to his servants, and could always command their worship. Once he rescued a follower who was in desperate peril, and with pistol and quarter-staff held off seventy men till half a dozen stragglers of his party came up and the Irish fled. At another time his horse was killed under him, and he was on the point of being shot, when one of his servants flung himself on the assailants and gave Raleigh time to extricate himself.

Raleigh's Irish policy was ruthless. He charged the Lord Deputy with a lack of severity in dealing with the rebels. Raleigh wished to extirpate them, and replace them by English settlers. Even Spenser and Hooker regarded the atrocities that were committed in Ireland as a plain necessity in the execution of a public duty.

In Favour at Court.

Raleigh came back to England with a great reputation for gallantry, and in 1582 was in high favour with the Queen. 'A' contemporary says, ' He had a good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person; a strong natural wit and a better judgement; with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to best advantage.' His growing wealth enabled him to finance in part or whole certain maritime expeditions, and he had gained such influence that Burghley, who had been Elizabeth's right-hand counsellor for forty years, asked for his intercession on behalf of his scapegrace son-in-law,

the Earl of Oxford. At the age of thirty-one John Dee, the astrologer, links him with Burghley and Walsingham as one of an overshadowing triumvirate. His rapid rise was due to royal favour. The Queen admired, perhaps, loved him, but she never admitted him to the inner circle by which she governed. Mr. Waldman says, 'He lived among the Hattons and Bacons and Cecils and Leicesters, but the country of his mind was that of Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe and Hakluyt, the last three of whom were his close friends. No man ever wrote more eloquently of the vanity of human desires, none knew better than he how hollow were the ambitions of the courtiers.' Spenser acknowledges Raleigh's part in the inspiration of *The Faerie Queene.*

Colonizing Ventures.

Raleigh's colonizing ventures in Virginia in 1585 were failures, but he was the first Englishman who addressed himself to that task. 'His vision was great, his methods, save in their details and execution, sound.' He took no direct part in the settlement of 1607, but it grew out of his earlier enterprise, and 'had he ventured his personal energy as prodigally as he did his money, he would have lived as the greatest man England ever contributed to American history; even as it is there is no one who can unquestionably dispute that place with him.' The introduction of tobacco was one result of his 1585 expedition, and his example led to its general use. It soon yielded a large national revenue, and justified Elizabeth's saying that 'she had heard of many who had turned gold into smoke, but that Raleigh was the first who had turned smoke into gold.'

Days of Prosperity.

Save for this attempt to plant the colony of Virginia, Raleigh's history between 1584 and 1592 is one of small personal achievement, but of his greatest material success. He assisted in sending out fleets, encouraged literature, managed his properties, gave wise counsel in the Armada crisis, but 'kept his exuberant temperament chained in the narrow grooves that his royal mistress approved; in return he received from her gifts of every variety, valuable privileges, vast tracts of confiscated land, offices of prestige and profit.' She gave him 40,000 acres in Munster, detached Sherborne from one bishopric and Durham Palace from another to please him. She added the licence for exporting certain kinds of cloth and that for selling wines throughout England. These gifts brought him into collision with merchants and traders and made him

intensely unpopular. He used his money to promote raiding expeditions, or explorations which served his country better than his purse. He never learned to be watchful over those whom he trusted, and however much one may deplore the source of his wealth, even his pursuit of it, there is nothing to condemn in the use he made of it.

Durham House stood where Adelphi Terrace now stands, and Aubrey says Raleigh's turret study had a prospect over the Thames ' which is as pleasant as any in the world, and which not only refreshes the eyesight, but cheers the spirits, and (to speak my mind) enlarges an ingeniose man's thought.' Raleigh had little part in the Armada struggle, though he saw as clearly as Drake that the way to avert catastrophe was to have a powerful navy on the offensive. In 1591 he was to have been second in command to Lord Thomas Howard of the expedition to intercept the Spanish Plate Fleet at the Azores, but on the eve of sailing Grenville was substituted, and won never-fading renown by his dauntless engagement with fifteen Spanish men-of-war. The story of the *Revenge* is the most amazing in all naval warfare. When Raleigh heard of it he wrote the *Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Azores,* ' which remains the enduring monument in prose ' of the *Revenge* and his cousin who commanded her. Tennyson's famous ballad grew out of Raleigh's Report.

Honeymoon in the Tower.

In 1592 Raleigh married Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of Elizabeth's maids of honour, and the wrathful Queen sent them to spend their honeymoon in the Tower. His latest expedition had resulted in the richest captures that the English had yet made at sea. The sailors plundered the treasure, and at Plymouth the people fell on the vessel ' with whoops of glee, only slightly in advance of the London traders and brokers who careered across the width of England, all dashing by horse, coach and foot to get a share in the good things the Lord had provided.' No one was able to quell the robbers till Raleigh was sent down in charge of a keeper. His sailors welcomed him with shouts of joy, and he was able to secure enormous profit for the Queen and profit for the other shareholders. He himself lost money on the venture, and though he gained his liberty, he never regained his place in Elizabeth's favour.

Expedition to Guiana.

In 1595 he made his first expedition to Guiana. The voyage into the interior was terrible, but after fifteen days of horror

the country became a Paradise. Instead of banks thick with tropical undergrowth they saw velvety open country, with tall trees, coloured birds, and fresh fruit. But they found no gold, and when they returned to England, Raleigh had to face a world of slanders. He wrote his *Discovery of the Large, Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana* to urge his countrymen to make it an English treasure-house, which should be the envy of Spain and the cause of her ultimate ruin. It has many tall stories based on reports made to him and from them Shakespeare drew his picture of

> The Anthrophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Still more amazing is the account of the Amazons and their love affairs as reported by men who were said to have seen these redoubtable women.

Great Days.

Next year, 1596, he took part in the attack on Cadiz, the 'Trafalgar of Elizabethan naval warfare, which finally determined that England should rise and her ancient foe descend in the scale of nations.' Raleigh's part in the action showed that he was the wisest and most efficient of the leaders.

Essex, Cecil, and Raleigh were now the most important men in the kingdom. Raleigh secured the contract to provision the fleet for its expedition against Spain, and was allowed to resume his place as Captain of the Guard. Essex and Raleigh made a naval expedition, which proved a failure, and after their return in 1597 Raleigh became a champion of free speech in Parliament, and a high authority on national defence. He was made Governor of Jersey, where he is still remembered as its most active and illustrious ruler.

A Scandalous Trial.

Elizabeth died on March 24, 1603, and Raleigh's enemies secured his committal to the Tower on the charge of treason. To Sir John Macdonell the trial at Winchester recalled that in Vanity Fair, where Lord Hategood bullied and condemned Faithful. Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution in a way that outrages all modern notions of justice. Raleigh bore himself nobly in his encounters with Coke, and one of the judges admitted later that 'English justice had never been so degraded as at the trial of Raleigh.' He was condemned to death, and returned to the Tower at the age of fifty-two. Once the darling of the Queen, an explorer, and the planter of an empire, the most richly endowed of all the

Elizabethans, a modern Alcibiades, and more, he was left for thirteen years in prison. Then he was allowed to make a disastrous expedition to Guiana, where he lost his eldest son, with whom 'all respect of the world hath taken end in me.' He returned home to die on the scaffold. 'The lawyers were only able to suggest that the fifteen years' reprieve should be withdrawn and the sentence of 1603 carried out. That brought the last of the Elizabethans to the block on October 29, 1618.'

His Latest Laurels.

His long captivity had added new lustre to his life achievement. He grew more celebrated every year. Prince Henry got him to write essays on important subjects, and turned to him for his education. 'Only my father,' he said, 'could keep such a bird in a cage.' His *History of the World* was undertaken for the Prince. It is a wonderful record, but Raleigh had always been a great reader, and carried a trunkful of books with him on his voyages. The *History* is a series of dramatic tragedies, that won tribute from Milton and Gibbon. Over all conquerors and kings is the Overruler of the Universe, bringing low pride and vanity, till death finishes their story: 'O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world has flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*'

Mr. Stebbing regards him 'as among the most dazzling personalities in English history, and the most enigmatical,' and thinks that had he been less vivacious and many-sided, he might have succeeded better, suffered less, and accomplished more. As a poet he might have rivalled instead of patronizing, Spenser. In prose he might have surpassed the thoughtful majesty of Hooker. As an observer of nature he might have disputed the palm with Bacon.

His own death, as Mr. Waldman says, was the great triumph of his life. His marriage had been his chief joy, and Elizabeth Throgmorton bore the supreme trial nobly. Raleigh himself had no fear of death, and the impression that the final scene made was overwhelming. One spectator spoke for all: 'Where shall we find such another head to cut off?' James had played into the hands of Spain and covered himself with eternal dishonour by bringing to the scaffold his most illustrious subject.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

XI. BAZAARS, SALES OF WORK, AND OTHER EFFORTS

Lord, who hast taught to us on earth
This lesson from above,
That all our works are nothing worth,
Unless they spring from love;
Send down Thy Spirit from on high,
And pour in all our hearts
That precious gift of charity,
Which peace and joy imparts.

THERE is a phrase, which no doubt is in use in other Churches besides our own, a phrase used by the men pillars who are in difficulties with a debt or a scheme which means raising money. Then we hear, 'We look to the ladies to help us.' It is seldom they look in vain. Like war-horses scenting battle, the valiant ladies prepare for the fray. But big circuit bazaars or tame sales of work, American teas or garden sales bring groans and sighs as well as thrills.

Looking back over the years, how we ministerials have toiled to raise money to build chapels or renovate old ones, and just when that Church is rejoicing in the beauty of a new building or the rejuvenation of the old, we have whiffled off to another circuit to find we are 'in for a scheme' there.

Again we must throw our energies into sewing meetings, and what nervous energy that often meant. All the little petty differences of opinion—confidences as to who *can* sew and whose work has to be unpicked 'unbeknownst' were poured into mother's ear as 'our new president.' We had to be initiated into all the ins and outs of who always takes the refreshment stall at such efforts—who lends palms to decorate—who thinks she can arrange flowers, and must be humoured.

How many times a little 'fuss' occurred because some dear soul sailed in at the last moment with her contribution when a stall was just finished, evidently considering some hand-painted atrocity of a cushion will be the centre-piece. Oh! the careful re-arranging that went on then, so that no one should be 'hurted in their minds.' So often the minister's wife or unlucky daughter was pounced on to make the change, and wary consultations with her took place behind the stall.

I remember one fussy, pretentious sister in Israel, who thought

to please mother by saying, ' My dear, I feel *so* sorry for you on *that* stall! '

' Why? ' mother asked innocently.

' They are not *ladies,* are they? Such a mixture! Such—well, *funny* people! *I* really can't *work* with any one *but* ladies.'

Mother chuckled inwardly, but said, ' How very awkward for you. Now *I* am happy anywhere, with any one.'

' Ah! But you see I am *so* sensitive! ' she replied with a wriggle of satisfaction, preening herself and feeling *so* superior.

Other ministers' families will understand with what delight this tit-bit was related when mother came home, for the aforesaid ' lady ' was our pet aversion.

But it was not all disagreeables that we had to live through in our ' efforts.' We still have very dear possessions given by those who valued the cheery, willing service mother gave. Then a real down cushion or a beautiful vase from one of the stalls was given to her with a few heart-warming words of appreciation, and we added the gifts to our special treasures for ' when we sit down.'

Once after father had successfully smoothed the ruffled feathers of one official he showed his repentance and appreciation by making a little presentation from his wife's stall to the daughters of the manse. Quite a good idea.

The first bazaar I can remember was when I was about five. I can see myself as a quaking infant hidden on the steps of a platform with a precious bouquet of flowers which it was my awesome duty to present to the lady opener. How long the opening prayer seemed when a palm leaf tickled my neck if I moved half an inch. Then there were endless speeches whilst I waited for my cue. Would that dear Lady So-and-so ever be allowed to begin to say ' I have great pleasure in declaring this bazaar open ' ? I have no recollection of whether I did ' do it nicely,' but I do remember the big box of chocolates she gave me afterwards. Then I felt as another small girl did who said after her first experience of bazaars, ' I wis us could have zaars *evvy* day! '

But before there could be a bazaar there must be sewing meetings. I remember one to which at eight years old I used to go. It is perhaps only right to confess that my chief recollection of those meetings is of one where I chortled over the discomfiture and disgrace of a youthful enemy. There was, in that church, a well-meaning, but very irritating woman. She possessed one girl

child for whom it was her great delight to copy my sister's and my dresses, hats, and coats. How we hated that mamma and her fat child. She was fat and podgy and she waddled and waggled with self-consciousness. We used to call her ' Maimie the bun,' for her pale pasty face and black eyes were exactly like an unbaked bun with only two visible currants for eyes. Did we appear on one Sunday in nun's veiling dresses with palest pink sashes given to us by a dear grannie, then Maimie waddled in on the next with a raucous pink sash round her middle. Did I wear a hat with pink-tipped daisies one Sunday? Maimie wore one the next. Mother was only amused, but great was the wrath of our faithful ' general.' It soothed our little feelings when Lizzie banged her hymn-book on the front of the pew as Maimie and her ma walked in late in her latest copy. We knew that afterwards Lizzie would say, ' Well, I never did! Such a sauce! Copying of your ma's ideas like that! '

Therefore great was the wicked joy in my infant heart when Maimie was missing from a sewing meeting, and her mamma explained that she was a naughty girl and she had left her at home as a punishment. I sat virtuously sewing my seam, no doubt looking piety personified, but inwardly chortling over the discomfiture of my enemy.

We often hear the phrase ' warm-hearted Methodists,' and they are—bless them. But my mother and sister and I wished some of the dear women were not *quite* so gushing on first acquaintance. We used to have a competition when we went to a new circuit. The one who could avoid ' a circuit kiss ' the longest won the prize. Mother always lost. She *could* not be hard-hearted. She was so afraid of hurting some old dear's feelings, whilst we dodged behind tables or used chairs as effective barricades. Sewing meetings were a great snare, for some mother in Israel was sure to swoop upon us unless we were very wary. If I saw danger ahead I used to resort to dropping my thimble or reel of cotton and hunting diligently (?) until the danger was past. If one old or middle-aged dear began it the others followed suit.

Sewing meeting and other teas were always a trial to me for motherly old dears expected me to eat about three times my capacity. Then would begin the never ending theme of health, and we sat squirming whilst some very double-chinned worthy would say, ' Your daughters look very thin, Mrs. 'Ope! Is there any disease? ' Then would follow her special pet remedy for the cure of thinness.

There were some matrons and spinsters in most circuits to whom the question of our ages was ' intriguing '—to use that overworked word! Now we were not ashamed of our ages, but we enjoyed mystifying them. One blunt soul thought to catch us out by announcing to me and my sister, ' Well, I'm forty, and I don't care who knows it! ' Then, with a look at us—' And I expect we're all much about the same.' She expected we should instantly reply, ' No! I'm only thirty! ' and she would know the dread secret. But we only beamed on her. She had another shot for it but we still smiled benignly.

Lord of Abundant Life

By W. A. L. TAYLOR, B.A.

Lord of abundant life!
Life ever full and free;
Teach me Thy precious gifts to use,
And dedicate to Thee;
Lead me in pastures green,
Where trees of healing grow;
Give me the treasures of Thy grace
Until my heart o'erflow.

Lord of all blessed toil!
Make me Thy servant true,
Eager to do with all my might
Whate'er I find to do;
Send me while it is day,
Before the night shall fall;
So shall my task be truly done
Whene'er I hear Thy call.

Lord of all splendid strife!
That thrills the soldier's heart;
Thy trumpet sounds, and bids me play
The happy warrior's part;
I march with all good men
Against the embattled wrong,
Armed with a faith invincible,
With courage ever strong.

Lord of all joyous saints!—
The great unnumbered host,
Who come in shining white array
From every clime and coast,—
Give me some humble place
In that great ransomed throng,
Who sing around Thy glorious throne
The new victorious song.

William Henry Fitchett, Ll.D.

A GREAT AUSTRALIAN

By J. E. CARRUTHERS, D.D.

WILLIAM HENRY FITCHETT has passed. A great Australian has gone hence. We are probably too near him adequately to measure his proportions. But it is safe to say that when the history of Australian Methodism is written, say a hundred years hence, there is no name that will figure more prominently, as regards the period covered by its middle history, than that of the great personality who has now left us. Preacher, pastor, administrator, statesman, journalist, and author, William Henry Fitchett stands almost alone in the category of his contemporaries. In the contemplation of his career the voice of detraction is silenced; the carping tones of unfriendly criticism are hushed.

Fitchett arrived in Australia as a boy of tender years. Born at Grantham, he was always proud of his British origin, and throughout life, both as a speaker and a writer, he figured as a great Imperialist. His early career was somewhat adventurous. He did a turn at 'jackerooing' in Queensland; he worked at his trade as a stonemason. But even in those callow days the thirst for information was keen in him and he used up his spare time in working out problems and amassing information for use in later days.

In 1865 he was received as a probationer into the ranks of the Ministry of the Methodist Church, and shortly afterwards entered as a student in Melbourne University, where, in due course, he graduated in Arts, with honour. It is an evidence alike of his early brilliance and industry that he finished his university studies while doing work as a circuit minister, and the testimony is that the circuit work did not suffer. In this work he continued for about sixteen years, and in it he was conspicuously successful. In almost every appointment he witnessed revival, and in one of them (of which he was superintendent) an extensive work of grace swept the whole area, and hundreds were soundly converted to God. Another sphere of service, however, awaited him.

Founding the Ladies' College.

The Victoria Conference resolved in 1882 to establish a Methodist Ladies' College and designated Fitchett to bring it into being. The idea of the college originated with him. He

proposed the resolution in the Conference; and the Conference therefore devolved upon him the responsibility of giving effect to his own resolution. He did so with such success that eventually the Methodist Ladies' College became one of the leading educational institutions of Australia, and possibly the most successful Ladies' College in Methodism in any part of the world. Its enrolment grew from year to year until it attained to 780 pupils, of whom nearly 200 were boarders. These pupils were gathered from all parts of Australia and from the islands of the sea. The curriculum was extended from time to time, and to-day it comprises classical and mathematical studies, domestic science, embracing sewing and cooking, and commercial studies, including stenography and typewriting. Its pupils included not only Methodist girls but a goodly proportion of Anglican, Presbyterian, and Congregational. Not a few young Jewesses were also trained in the college, and some Roman Catholic pupils were also found in the classes. In this goodly work, that of supervising and directing the various sides of school life, Dr. Fitchett was aided, of course, by a competent and highly trained staff; but in his responsible and arduous office as President, Dr. Fitchett continued right up to the close of his career. It became evident to his friends in later years that his physical strength was scarcely equal to the task. But he declined to relinquish it. ' The Conference put me into the office,' he used to say, ' and the Conference may take me out of it; I shall not retire.' But, be it said, he gave notice to the 1928 Conference of his intention to retire at the end of the year; nevertheless, it was Divinely ordered that he should not be removed from the college until (as he used to predict would be the case) he was carried out of it. His funeral obsequies were held in the College Assembly Hall, named (after him) the Fitchett Hall; and amid the mourning of hundreds of past and present pupils, and a throng of interested and sympathetic spectators, he was borne to his burial in the picturesque God's Acre at Kew, near Melbourne.

His Literary Career.

But Dr. Fitchett's title to fame rests not so much on the work he did for Australian Methodism as upon his contribution to literature generally. Quite early in his career he developed an ability in the direction of journalism. For a few years he contributed a coloumn or two to the weekly issue of *The Spectator,* the official organ of Victorian Methodism. ' Easy Chair Chat,' by XYZ, was possibly the smartest writing in a

paper which numbered among its contributors some of the ablest Methodist writers of Australia at the period; and these chats soon were traced to young Fitchett. But larger literary ventures awaited him. *The Argus* (one of the leading daily journals of Australia) enlisted him to supply a series of graphically written articles for its Saturday issue. 'Deeds that Won the Empire,' was the title chosen for the first of the series; and such was the profound interest aroused that a second followed entitled, 'Fights for the Flag.' The great military and naval achievements of the Empire were brought to view as vividly almost as if they were represented on canvas or by a cinematograph film. The two series of articles were published in book form and presently had a circulation as wide as the Empire itself. The War Office directed that copies should be supplied to every public library, and likewise to every military mess-room, and to every ship of war on the register. It is possible that the circulation at length attained the goodly total of a quarter of a million copies.

Thereafter Dr. Fitchett's pen was almost ceaselessly employed. The mention of the works that have emanated from his fertile brain is a sufficient indication, not only of his industry but also of his great versatility. Included in these are *The Tale of the Great Mutiny; How England Saved Europe* (4 vols.); *Wellington's Men; Nelson and His Captains; The Commander of the Hirondelle; Ithuriel's Spear; A Pawn in the Game;* and apart from these his Fernley Lecture on *The Unrealized Logic of Religion; Wesley and His Century;* and two or three other smaller works mainly intended for Australian readers. Also, as a patriotic Australian he revelled in writing up *The New World of the South;* and *The Romance of Australian Discovery and Exploration.* The sale of these works was almost phenomenal. A few years before the death of the author his publishers informed him that the aggregate issues totalled over a million copies, and to this total must be added the sales of copies issued by other publishers than the firm referred to. *The Unrealized Logic of Religion* was one of the most successful of the whole series of Fernley Lectures published for the Wesleyan Conference by the Epworth Press. Literary and editorial work must have made a considerable demand upon both brain and time. Dr. Fitchett was editor of *Life,* an Australian high-class monthly magazine of his own creation, also of the *Southern Cross,* a weekly devotional and undenominational paper, in great favour with a large circle of spiritually minded readers. Both publications not only bore the impress of the

editor's own strong personality, but both also contained in every issue contributions of interest and value from the pen of the distinguished writer.

Pioneer of Methodist Union.

Amid all this multiplicity of work, superintending a great and growing college, maintaining also a perennial high-class literary output, Dr. Fitchett found time to keep in close touch with his Church and Conference. For many years he was in constant demand as a preacher, in which capacity he took high rank. He was a regular attendant at Conference, and led it in many of its important developments. Along with the Rev. Dr. Watkin he pioneered Methodist Union and witnessed its complete and successful consummation. He was a past master in Conference debates and both gave and received many sharp friendly thrusts. He was twice elected President of his own (Wesleyan) Annual Conference; was also elected President of the first (United) Methodist Conference in Melbourne; and at the first General Conference of the Methodist Church received his laurel wreath in being elected the first President General of the Methodist Church of Australasia. On more than one occasion he was appointed as Fraternal Delegate to the British Conferences, and the impression he made in England will be familiar to readers of this magazine. On these occasions also he was the honoured guest of some of the leading literary clubs of London and the provinces. He was similarly honoured in America on his visits to that country.

Ever versatile and ready, Dr. Fitchett's contemporaries delight to recount some of his achievements in Conference debate. His greatest successes on those lines were achieved in the discussion on Methodist Union between 1890 and 1904. One or two specimens of his readiness in repartee may be chronicled. At one of the General Conferences a fraternal delegation from other Churches was received. A Congregational minister rather inadvisedly remarked in his address that he had been brought up as a Methodist but ' in the maturity of his judgement ' (laying emphasis upon the ' maturity ') he had become a Congregationalist. Dr. Fitchett, replying on behalf of the Conference, said that he had noticed with interest his friend's transition from Methodism to Congregationalism. ' Singular to say,' remarked Dr. Fitchett, ' the process was reversed in my case. I was brought up as a child in Congregationalism. When I was a child I thought as a child, I spake as a child, but when I became a man I . . .', the rest of the sentence being lost in the

spontaneous laughter of all present. On another occasion a learned professor of the Presbyterian Church, addressing the Conference, told how he had been studying the polity of the Methodist Church and had found so many points of resemblance between Methodists and Presbyterians that he had come to the conclusion that Methodists were resurrected Presbyterians. Dr. Fitchett almost immediately rejoined, ' Yes, that must be right. Sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; sown in weakness it is raised in power; sown a natural body it is raised a spiritual body,' to the great amusement of the Conference.

His Greatest Honour—Methodist Preacher.

Amid all the activities of his great career William Henry Fitchett remained a simple Christian and a loyal Methodist. A leading firm of publishers offered him a high position with a handsome salary. But he declined, stating that he was a Methodist preacher, and counted that the highest honour and the greatest reward. He held to the old verities, and incurred no small amount of criticism for his attacks on some phases of modern thought. He was content to believe in the Old Book and in the Only Saviour. His last hours—even days—were spent almost in unconsciousness. But towards the end there was a brief interval of consciousness. Awaking, as if from sleep, he made a few inquiries, and then commenced to sing, ' I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.' Having sung the verse he relapsed into unconsciousness, and shortly after went home to sing the same song, ' while immortality endures.' Thus passed away on May 25, 1928, in the eighty-sixth year of his life, and the sixty-fourth year of his ministry, one of the brightest, sanest, and most spiritual of the great leaders of our Australasian Methodism. A minister who visited him a day or two before his death writes, ' When I saw him in his chamber in his last days, he looked like a noble knight who had just fallen asleep, and was waiting calmly and peacefully for the call of his sovereign Lord.'

Work is really as much a necessity to a man's well-being as eating and sleeping. There is a penalty for the neglect of food or of sleep. The neglect of work has also its penalty—deterioration of character. Work is too often regarded in the light of a punishment—an evil which has to be endured, unless haply it can be avoided. Work is a supreme good. It is man's strength, and glory, and great reward. It is the most lasting pleasure. The knowledge of work well done ' makes music at midnight.' Carlyle, speaking of industry, says, ' Work is the cure for all the maladies and miseries of man—honest work, *which you intend getting done.*'—Mrs. Coulson Kernahan in *The Whip of the Will.*

Where the Jaffa Orange grows

By GEORGE E. ARROWSMITH, M.A., F.R.G.S.

JAFFA may be described as the Port of Jerusalem. Before the Great War, with its consequent building of the military railroad across the desert, it was the main tourist entrance into Palestine. Thousands of voyagers landed upon its quay every year to go up to David's City: and thousands more came down from Zion's Heights to embark here for Asia Minor, Egypt, or wherever else the wander-lust might lead them. And yet, in spite of this endless flow of traffic, Jaffa has no proper harbour: ships must lie in the offing, and passengers are landed in crazy boats which run the gauntlet of a jagged reef of rocks—the identical reef (according to local legend) on which Andromeda was chained when the valiant Perseus rescued her from the devouring dragon. Until recently the veracious natives used to display a great iron ring, let into one of the rocks, as the very one to which the unhappy damsel was fastened!

These rocks form a natural barrier seawards, and small boats shelter behind them in time of storm. There is one narrow gap in this breakwater of Nature's making, and the boats landing passengers must needs pass through it. If the sea is at all rough, the passage of this 'needle's eye' is fraught with much excitement, and no little danger, and the intrepid tourist is lucky if he gets off with nothing worse than a wetting!

Jonah and Jaffa.

To Biblical scholars Jaffa is a town that teems with interest, and yet few of them seem to give it much thought or bestow on it more than a passing glance as they hurry through its grubby, untidy streets intent on securing corner seats in the train for Jerusalem. But think for a moment of some of the stirring scenes to which it has formed the setting.

Here comes one in great haste. Clad in a dark mantle, with face hidden in its folds, he rushes to the wharf and anxiously inquires for an out-going vessel that will carry him as passenger. His excited features, trembling hands, and twitching mouth betray the agitated nerves of a neurotic—a modern neurasthenic specialist would consign him to a nursing home at sight! At last he finds a ship sailing that very night to Tarshish. He goes on board (rowed, perhaps, through that very gap in the rocks which we have already noticed); hastens below deck seeking some secluded place where he can hide in safety and be forgotten.

Surely this man must be a fugitive fleeing from a grim, relentless avenger? Or is he an escaped criminal trying to evade the long arm of Justice? No, his name is Jonah: he has been disobedient to a divine command, and is now trying to flee from divine wrath. Foolish prophet! can you hope to escape from God's presence by crouching in a dark corner of a ship bound for Tarshish? For answer see him later, see him tossed to and fro in that terrible storm, see him thrown overboard by the superstitious sailors, see his extraordinary encounter with the 'great fish.' What more conclusive proof can we have of the truth of the Psalmist's inspired utterance, 'If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. . . . If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me. . . . If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me: even the night shall be light unto me . . . the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.'

Look again at that sandy sea-shore spread like a golden girdle at the feet of white-walled Joppa. Do you see those great logs of wood lashed together so as to form gigantic rafts? They have been carried down the coast from far-off Tyre. Hiram, the King of that city, had them cut down in his cedar forests of Lebanon, and now he sends them as a gift to King Solomon. Hundreds of labourers are busy dragging them out of the water and tying them on to the backs of camels. These patient creatures will slowly transport them to the capital of King David, ambling across the Plain of Sharon, and then by the mountain road that climbs into the heights of Judah. Once Jerusalem is reached they will be used as material for the building of Solomon's magnificent temple.

Peter in Jaffa.

Look once more, and this time we see a white-bearded, energetic old man tramping into Joppa. His name is Peter, and he is bent on an errand of mercy. He inquires for the house of a Christian woman, Tabitha by name, 'tis a house of mourning, for she has just died. He is conducted into the death-chamber, and there, in the presence of the dead woman, her neighbours display to the Apostle the little gifts she made for them. Gently he puts them all out of the room. The healing words are spoken, and Tabitha (or Dorcas, to give her the name that is more familiar) is restored to life. The Apostle leaves the rejoicing household, and, being anxious to see a little more of Joppa, searches out one Simon, a tanner, whose house is close to the sea, and with him he stays certain days. It was while on the

roof of Simon's house that he had his extraordinary vision of the sheet let down from heaven—a vision that broke down the exclusiveness of the early Christian church admitting Gentiles on the same terms of fellowship as Jews. The alleged sites of both these houses (Simon's and Tabitha's) are shown in Jaffa to-day; a mosque covers the former, and a monastery the latter.

A visit to the mosque that marks the place where Simon had his tannery is quite worth while. It is situated just behind a squat lighthouse and is very squalid, very shabby, and weather-beaten. Any Christian who is sufficiently venturesome may enter its dirty portals for a small fee. The street in which the mosque stands is an unsavoury one, flanked by tumble-down buildings and strewn with filth and garbage, but the view from the roof of this Moslem sanctuary makes up for all the surrounding squalor.

This particular site may well be genuine: the tradition that connects it with Simon's home is a very old one, and the surroundings agree with the description of the locality as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. Moreover, as Prof. Sanday has pointed out, there are unmistakable indications that a tannery occupied the place in former times. This is further confirmed by the fact that tanning is still carried on in the part of the town where this mosque is situated. As the customs of the East do not change with the changing years, we may take it for granted that Simon had his house in this tannery quarter, and it is quite possible that it occupied the very position that the Moslems have selected for their grubby little mosque. Furthermore, they say that it was to this spot that the Lord Jesus came and prayed God to send Him a meal; whereupon the heavens opened, and a table bountifully provided with provisions was lowered to His feet. A strange Mohammedan distortion of the New Testament account of St. Peter's vision!

An Unclean Town.

Jaffa as a whole is unclean and malodorous like most oriental ports. A Moslem fails to grasp the importance of sanitation: a drainage system seems to him a superfluity. He regards the space before his house-door as a combined sewer and rubbish heap . . . hence these smells of Araby! The half-wild dogs act as scavengers at night, and were it not for their efforts epidemics would soon sweep through the town.

The women of Jaffa, as indeed elsewhere in Palestine and Egypt, try to heighten their beauty by tatooing hideous marks on their faces. This appears to be the survival of a very old

custom, for even in the time of Moses the art of the tatooer must have been practised, for we read in Leviticus xix. 28, 'Ye shall not print any marks upon you.'

The Jaffa shops are mere dark recesses, not unlike the gloomy cavernous depths of the railway-arch marine stores we so often find in the east-end quarter at home. Timber is scarce, and so the houses are built of stone, their chief architectural features being the arched fronts and the flat roofs decorated with shallow mushroom domes that look like inverted porridge-bowls!

Although the interior of the town is unpleasantly odoriferous, its immediate environs are pervaded by a sweet fragrance that is rare indeed for the purlieu of an eastern port, for here are the orange and lemon groves that have made of Jaffa a name to conjure with. They stretch two or more miles inland, and are a mass of green and gold and snow-white blossom. A queer feature of these fruit trees is the way some of them, for no apparent reason, seem to be retarded in their growth. Thus you will get one tree in full bloom, a glorious sight, emitting a fragrance that perfumes the whole neighbourhood, while the very next tree will have no blossom, but will be weighed down with its golden crop of luscious fruit.

Many of the oranges are oval in shape. This peculiarity is explained by the custom the natives have of grafting the orange on to the stock of a lemon. Another trick of the trade is to boil the oranges after they have been plucked; they swell out under this treatment to an enormous size—I have handled some that must have been quite a foot in circumference!

Conflicts and Barbarities.

The history of Jaffa has been a stirring one. Throughout the ages, and even down to the present day, the little town has been the scene of many a sanguinary conflict, and the victim of barbarous atrocities whose very mention makes the blood run cold.

Becoming Jewish under the Maccabean rule, the Hebrew settlers were hated by the native populace who contrived to bring about their downfall by one of those cruel ruses so common in the East. In 2 Macc. xii. verses 3, 4 it is thus described: 'The men of Joppa prayed the Jews that dwelt among them to go with their wives and children into the boats which they had prepared, as though they had meant them no hurt; but when they were gone forth into the deep they drowned no less than two hundred of them.'

This treachery called forth a bloody reprisal on the part of

Judas Maccabaeus: he descended upon the town, destroyed the harbour and shipping by fire, and slew the murderers.

Later, in the days of Vespasian, the little port had degenerated into a piratical stronghold, and was punished with ruthless severity, the whole place being sacked. From its ashes it rose, phoenix-like, to play its part in the later varying fortunes of the Holy Land.

In more modern times its bloodthirsty reputation has been fully maintained. Its silver strand still seems to reek with the blood of those two thousand Turkish captives whom Napoleon foully massacred, so that he might march unencumbered by prisoners into Egypt.

More terrible still is the awful rumour that he had some hundreds of his own French soldiers poisoned in the Jaffa hospital. They were wounded, they were of no more value in his campaign, they were eating up his scanty supply of provisions—in a word they were an expensive and very unremunerative burden. He must rid himself of this incubus, 'Death' should be the liberator! And so, poor wretches, they were poisoned at the instigation of the 'Little Corporal' they loved so dearly and had served so faithfully.

Even as recently as 1921 Jaffa flowed with the blood of the slain. Anti-Jewish riots disturbed the peace of this town which is never peaceful for very long, and some two hundred Jews and others massacred before order could be restored by the British troops.

Per Ardua Ad Astra

'Oh that I had wings like a dove.'

By LERNE ORMSBY

He leaves the ways of peril, toil and strife,
And rising past the dreams and joys of life
He rests where, 'mid the stars, his angel sings
And God gives wings.

We give no dove-like plumage with our love,
All that we have is broken; but Above,
From out His store of everlasting things,
God's Love gives wings.

To our belovèd one we give our best,
But peace we cannot give, nor perfect rest;
Our love brings tears, where the Divine Love brings
The gift of wings.

From A Prison Diary

Incidents of the Irish Civil War.

By P. K. HORAN

DURING the conflict with the Imperial Authorities in Ireland the weapon of the ' hunger strike ' was greatly used. It appealed to the sympathy of the populace and made the Government appear vindictively ruthless in the eyes of the other nations which were not conversant with the facts. The same weapon was chosen by the Republicans in the battle against the Free State Authorities. However, the native Government was not so easily intimidated as the Imperial Government had been. A considerable period of imprisonment had elapsed before the Irregular leaders decided upon the use of the ' hunger strike ' weapon. With unshaken determination —and one may say ruthlessness—the Free State Government had pursued its policy of suppression, and the fires of revolt were flickering out over wide areas of the twenty-six counties. There was no compromise with the revolutionary forces, and the result was triumph for the infant State.

Uneasiness as to duration of detention was growing amongst the prisoners, and advantage was taken of that uneasiness to provoke rebellion. Rumours of the most disquieting kind had been in circulation for many days. Sinn Fein groups had been organized in the Camp for some time. The Civil War had wrecked the Republican Organization, and in the prisons and camps men from all parts of the country and from all Brigades of the I.R.A. were herded together indiscriminately. There was no central authority—or rallying point—left to the Irregular forces, and consequently in order to preserve the ' morale ' of the revolutionary forces in prison the leaders decided to reorganize Sinn Fein in the Camps.

A Hunger Strike.

This was done in Gormanston. A meeting was held in the large dining hall and addressed by the Dublin ' Brigadier ' and several Republican deputies. The necessity for re-organization was pointed out to the assembled prisoners, and suggestions were made as to the best mode of procedure in rather difficult and discouraging circumstances. As a result of this meeting the Sinn Fein groups were formed and these were to be the nucleus of a revived organization on release. That hope, however, did not fructify. I did not attend any of the meetings.

Several other prisoners also abstained. I was completely disillusioned by this time as to their principles and policy, and did not intend to commit myself to them again. However, all the proceedings were made known to me.

Even this partial and somewhat pathetic revival of Sinn Fein brought some cohesion into the ranks of the prisoners. It also gave the more extreme section hope of a nation-wide revival of Republicanism. Consequently a certain section were easily led to believe that they could achieve a great deal by taking measures under the aegis of Sinn Fein, against the Prison officials and their Government.

There was a floodtide of ' Irregular ' oratory outside the prisons. The women were on the war-path. Miss Mary McSweeney led the female furies. A sister of the late Lord French—Mrs. Despard—nicknamed in Dublin Mrs. ' Desperate,' and Madame Gonne McBride, were auxiliaries-in-chief to Miss Mary McSweeney. A Women's Prisoners' Defence League was formed, and there were many Processions of Protest in the Metropolitan area. This recrudescence of agitation affected the prisoners, and restlessness increased. The Camp Council, as the Republican leaders in Gormanston were styled, decided to make a bold bid for liberty by proclaiming a hunger strike. The Camp Council issued a statement to the effect that they would go on hunger strike, and the men were free to choose whether they would follow their example or not.

I had no intention whatever of supporting in any way the Republican Party after the fiasco of Civil War, and my own mind was made up as to what attitude I personally should adopt in the event of a declaration of hunger strike. It appeared to me that the whole business was a selfish scheme for notoriety and release on the part of a few. During the hours of tension and trial I kept a diary. When released afterwards from Newbridge Barracks, I secreted this ' diary ' and another manuscript—*A Story of the Civil War*— in a pile of clothes and thus brought them safely into freedom with myself. I shall let extracts from the diary tell a little of the story of the hunger strike in Gormanston Camp.

The Day Before.

After being interned here for more than fifteen months, intoxicated by braggadocio, bravado, and subtle suggestion, the lads have decided, or rather, have had it decided for them, to go on hunger strike. The slogan is to be ' Unconditional release or death.' Prisoners in other camps have been on strike during

the last eight or nine days, but the only question holding attention here up to yesterday was: 'Who'll be on the list to-day?' as daily releases have been going on for some months past. Now one would think that every individual prisoner had considered the matter, and decided for himself, that unless action is taken we shall be compelled to 'rot in gaol,' as one of the Free State Ministers declared some time ago.

A meeting of the Sinn Fein groups was convened this morning and it was announced to the constitutional cum bellicose members that the Camp Council, as the prisoners' representatives are called, had decided to go on hunger strike. A vote was taken publicly, and when the hoarse chorus of 'Ayes' ceased it was noticed that there was but one objector *present*. This lad—Tom M——, who is, I believe, of French extraction, and rendered loyal service to the Republican Army, particularly during the unfortunate so-called Anglo-Irish conflict, amazed the rest by proclaiming so boldly his objection to the proposed action.

I have been speaking to Tom, and he agrees that the hunger strike is being organized for a twofold purpose: (1) the release of prominent Republicans, who might otherwise be detained indefinitely following a general release of the rank and file; (2) to gain, if possible, public sympathy and support for any future Republican policy by evoking pity for the *thousands* of hunger-strikers now.

If I had been at the meeting I would have told them plainly that it is only political trickery and propaganda; but, of course, I am not attached to Sinn Fein because I do not now agree with their aims. I believe that the only hope—amid the welter and waste of Civil War—for political stability and security, lies in a re-enactment, by consent of the Nation, of the Act of Union.

I have been discussing the situation with many of the lads to-day, and they seek to convince me that the hunger strike shall not, and cannot be, used as a weapon for political advancement, but as a means, the only means at our disposal, to secure release. Otherwise they say that we may be detained for years as we have not been granted any trial.

Tom M—— tells me that the 'Chief of Police' (a Republican official) has said that I am going round the camp attempting to discourage the men and that if my activities do not cease measures shall be taken against me. This but serves to illustrate to me how mean and underhand are the methods of the Secret Police in the camp. One does not know who may be attached to this body, ostensibly raised to guard against the danger of

Government spies in our midst, but really, in themselves, petty spies who ' ferret ' round collecting information regarding the opinions of the rank and file. They memorize eagerly the ' seditious ' utterances of the discontented in order to report them, verbatim (with additions, sometimes), to the men who are to lead the Irish People from ' a galling bondage of mental and political slavery ' into the bright, happy realm of liberty.

At this moment there is great jubilation amongst the lads. It is ' Parcels Day,' and they are feasting. Already the lads are visualizing the scene at the railway station on their arrival home when cheering crowds of ' flag wavers ' and ' fireside ' Republicans will shout for the victorious strikers. We had not many friends when danger was present last year, but those whom we did meet, on our way to jail, and afterwards to the Internment Camp, did not manifest any sympathy. They hung their heads in fear.

The First Day.

I was awakened this morning by the sound of many voices raised in chaff and laughter. Apparently they are trying to keep one another's spirits up. Some of them, no doubt, are regretting the decision already. However, it is hard to go against the crowd. Moral cowardice is the meanest form. Lying opposite to me on a plank bed is a lad—a recently arrived prisoner—of about nineteen years of age, and I can hear his colourless voice speaking to the man in the bed nearest to him.

' An Englishman would never " stick " this,' he is saying.

' How is that? ' the other asks laughingly.

' Well,' is the droning answer, ' He loves himself first and best.'

This is the attitude of the Corkonian who would demand ' a Republic ' for his own town and county, and curse the rest of the inhabitants of the ' Green Isle ' as foreign devils *á la China.*

They are greeting each other. ' Good-morning, " Bobbie " Emmet! ' ' Good-morning, Ashe.' What ' humour,' and what comparisons!

If one were to tell them that Robert Emmet sought the confiscation of all church property they would be incredulous, despite the evidence of his Constitution of the ' Republic.' They prefer not to know too much about the aims and objects of their ' heroes.' Many of those who have refrained from attending the religious services of the Roman Catholic Church, since the issue of the hierarchical condemnation, are going to attend service this morning. The utter and complete lack of consistency in

all things becomes more disgusting and repellent every day. There have been a number of exemptions granted to men who signified their intention of hunger-striking, and they have accepted the exemptions ostensibly in order to help in the management of the camp, but this, to my mind, is a flimsy excuse. If one were a true Republican, or genuinely in sympathy with this hunger strike, one would refuse to accept exemption, but these have the consummate audacity and arrant hypocrisy to look down upon those of us who refrain for principle's sake. I am convinced that it would be much easier to join the mob, but I would much rather face misrepresentation and calumny, discomfort and taunts, and hold fast to my principles.

They are all now sitting round the hut stoves after their return from Mass; and warm water with salt forms their diet. They have not felt the real pangs of hunger yet. The leaders of the strike declared this morning at a meeting that they admire the men who have the moral courage to vindicate a principle by refusing to take part in the hunger strike with which they are not in agreement. This is an admission; but I wonder is it sincere, as diplomacy speaks with divers tongues!

The Second Day.

For the greater part of last night I was kept awake by the soft ' pad-pad ' of the stockinged feet of the two orderlies who are engaged in keeping water warm, and giving drinks of salt and water to those of the strikers who call for it during the long vigil of the night. My ' rest ' was a most uncomfortable one as the spring bed was taken by one of the medical or ' first aid ' orderlies to be given to a hunger-striker. A plank bed was left in its place. The jubilation of the eve of the strike has ceased and a strange quiet fills the atmosphere, but the lads are still friendly and sociable with me, although I am, as they dub me, a ' Britisher ' and an ' Imperialist.'

One of the lads has admitted to me that it would be more difficult for us, who are non-participants, to look on at the sufferings and listen to the groans of the hunger-strikers after some days. I really pity them because they cannot see the use to which their sufferings will be put, but very often contempt seizes me, too, as I realize how easily led they are and how unwittingly they have brought themselves into a morass of misery.

The Camp Authorities have removed all surplus stores from the cookhouses. They have, however, left sufficient rations for the exempted men, and those who have exempted themselves.

There was great military activity in the morning when the lorries came in to remove the food. The Government intends to prevent a make-believe strike.

I spent a miserable day working in the cookhouse and mending windows round the camp; and I have gathered more dirt of many varieties on my clothes than I have had on them since the erection of the barricades. Old ' Mac '—a shrewd, decent sort—who is in charge of the cookhouse, characterizes the strike as farcical, and opines that ' They'll never stick it.' Despite the declaration not to cease from ' striking ' until free or dead, one of the ' no surrender ' gunmen ' surrendered ' this evening to the hunger; and old ' Mac ' must order an extra ration from the Authorities outside the wires. In this way *they* are kept informed of the progress of the strike. That explains the removal of all surplus stores. This first example of the second day may be followed by others before the end of the week.

The hall—used as a chapel—once so lonely and empty—has been crowded all day by the prayerful hunger-strikers. Even many of those who have boycotted the services since last November—the month of the Bishop's Pastoral—were to be seen to-day in pious attitudes before the tawdry altar, where candles are flickering in the cold air. It is strange that men should waver so when danger threatens. Maybe it is vaguely felt that when the world is deaf and hears not, and when the careless laughter of unthinking masses drowns the cries of pain that there is but One Friend left—the Eternal Consoler—the omnipotent pitying Jehovah who sees all and knows all.

Some of the exempted, amongst whom are leading ' fire-eaters,' I notice, have eagerly accepted exemptions for ' health reasons ' (sic) while others accepted to render ' first aid ' to the strikers. Their service is to consist in carrying water and coal to the huts. The duty of the M.O.'s (medical officers) is to see that the water is warm. If I could discover any justification for this affair I would willingly take part in it, but my belief that it is the work of the propagandists remains firm and unshaken.

The Third Day.

The general situation remains unchanged. There is a deeper quietness in the atmosphere of the huts, which become like mortuary chambers, and only whispers and muttered conversations disturb the oppressive silence. The lads have not suffered anything yet, but they tell me that they are getting weaker and weaker, and a little unsteady on their feet. The

groups around the stoves—which are topped by dixies of water —joke feebly about the position, but it is obvious that they are really beginning to consider the situation seriously. Of course, it is rather late to withdraw now, with any honour, and I think that many of them have a desire to do so.

The ' self-exempted ' in this hut have not, as yet, been asked to render any assistance as water-bearers and night orderlies, but this may be changed before long. So far, however, it seems that our help is not to be sought, since we have had the audacity and daring to think for ourselves. That is an awful crime in the eyes of the ' freedom ' lovers! However, they were not too proud to ask for our beds or to give us ' jobs ' in the cookhouse.

The Free State Authorities have made no official statement as to this trouble, if we except the declaration of Mr. Cosgrave —President of the Dail,—in which he describes the strike as ' a sham '—vide Press reports. It is not a sham in this camp, but is, on the contrary, a very foolish and muddle-headed attempt to intimidate the Government.

The Fourth Day.

This morning the lads are weaker, and there is no enthusiasm left. When I was conversing with a group at the fire to-day, W—— O'B—— said to me, ' There is not another army under heaven that would go through this! '

' In the same circumstances, there would be,' I answered.

' No, it is not possible,' he said.

' You must remember,' I rejoined, ' that other armies are hired and mercenary, but this one is supposed to be a Volunteer force and cannot, therefore, be compared with any other army.'

A little silence fell, and I recollected that I had promised myself not to enter into any controversy, but again my resolution vanished when E—— B—— spoke to say,

' An English army would never stick it, anyhow.'

' Don't be foolish,' I answered impatiently. ' An Englishman cannot eat any more than you.'

' Didn't I live among them,' he said testily,—' and they were always eating.' (He had worked in Scotland for a few months.)

Then I adopted the mayoral attitude because, after all, they are suffering, willingly or unwillingly, and with a laugh I said, ' Everybody is right.'

Shortly afterwards I went across the compound to see old ' Mac.' The camp seems as if deserted. It has the appearance of a great loneliness. The silence is unusual and striking. Old ' Mac ' tells me that several others have given in to hunger.

That, of course, encourages the Free State Authorities to maintain an uncompromising attitude.

W—— O'B—— mentioned to me that they dream, in sleep, of all the dishes they ever tasted. He said that he was craving for a cup of tea and some buttered toast. If this were brought in to him he thinks that he would succumb to the temptation.

The Irish Press hardly reports the strike. So far nobody has died in any of the camps or jails, but the ' strikers ' in other places are reported to be very weak. It is a fight between the Government and the prisoners; and I do not think that the Government will surrender to the demand.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy meet to-day in solemn conclave, and they may make some statement with regard to the strike in the course of their deliberations. If they are wise they will make some ' diplomatic ' statement favourable to the strikers as they have, undoubtedly, lost a great deal of power and prestige, where the Republicans are concerned, by their attitude through the Civil War campaign. It may be that *Home Rule* has brought an end to *Rome Rule* in Ireland. Everything in the life of the country is changing radically.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Two Martyrdoms

By CHARLES CLOSE, M.C.

For all the saints of old, we thank Thee still:
The saints, who, in the early Christian years,
Laid down their lives, and did so with a will,
Their eyes towards heaven, and all undimmed with tears;
Torn by wild beasts, or tarred and set on fire,
Unheeding all the taunts of pagan Rome,
Shouting with rapture as the flames leaped higher,
Knowing the fiery chariot bore them Home.

We thank Thee, too, for saints along life's road,
Great in Thy sight as any saints of old:
Men who have toiled, and borne a heavy load
Of sorrow, grief, and misery untold;
Who, through the shroud of darkness saw no light,
Nor understood for what their strength was spent,
But, brave and true, were martyred in the fight
Daily, yet turned not back, but on they went!

What Ministers Have Died?

By J. SERCOMBE HARTLEY

SO reads Question XXIX in the 1928 Conference Agenda, and the answer makes the most interesting pages of *The Minutes*. There are some sixty names, some who died full of years, and some cut off in their prime. Richard Peart was for several years 'Father of the Conference,' beginning his ministry in 1856. He had a long and honoured supernumerary-ship at Weston-super-Mare for thirty-three years, and died at the age of ninety-five. On the other hand William H. Rowe's ministry lasted two months. He was a boy from the National Children's Home, and had a charm of personality and unique gifts which promised great usefulness.

The perils of the road in these swift-moving days are seen in this list. W. H. Rolls was the victim of a motor accident; also T. C. Hillard, B.A., who was knocked down in the streets of Liverpool.

Three men fought heroically with ill-health. Stephen J. Little had been trained as a dentist. Physical infirmities early disclosed themselves, and clung to him persistently to the end. It was with this handicap that he continued a powerful and gracious ministry. Only a strict but prudent discipline enabled him to live. Ernest Bayley also found it hard to submit to weakness. His was indeed a consecrated life. His health suffered at Crook from his strenuous labours among the Durham miners. As he lay suffering he thought of the crowds, and quoted continually, 'I am come that they might have life.' He died in the thirty-ninth year of his age and the sixteenth of his ministry. Francis Bailey, by the brightness of his disposition, disguised from others the bodily weakness he must often have experienced in the performance of his pastoral duties.

Various types of conversion are noted. Paul Ahamparam was an Indian minister whose mother was shipwrecked off the Trincomalie coast. She and all on board perished. This led him to serious thought and baptism. John Aldred gave himself to Christ during a celebration of the Lord's Supper. William Rapson's conversion in a Cornish village chapel was ever after a vivid and inspiring memory to him. It gave direction and tone to all his life. Ten days before his last illness he was in that same village, telling again the story of that hour after more than sixty years. Robert Jones was converted during the religious revival of 1859.

The grandeur of the old Book is shown in these records. John Grimshaw learned to love and study the Bible under the guidance of his mother, in a way that made him an able expository preacher. Mere topical sermons had no attraction for him, but he found in the Scriptures an inexhaustible mine of rich treasures whose meaning he sought to understand and make plain to others. The Bible was Samuel Dunlop's constant study. He could repeat with ease many long passages, and in preaching would weave different texts together in a most skilful and suggestive manner. William Rapson was a lover of the Bible, and his conversation was often enriched by Scriptural quotations.

The longest record is of Thomas Kirkup. A skilful man of affairs, he also had his Master's heart of compassion; and even amid the heavy demands of his office he was ever ready to prove himself the friend and helper of such as were overtaken by sorrow or adversity. All this was too great a strain upon his physical powers, and at length a swift summons came, with no time for farewells.

George J. Ayre, B.A., was a very humble man. His story is told in four lines, and a note at the bottom of the page reads, ' This is all that he wished to be recorded.' Dwarka Nath Das delighted in long days of preaching in Indian villages. Difficult conditions failed to depress him. He translated into his own vernacular *Butler's Analogy*. Clement Stuchbery was four times Mayor of Penzance. Hugh Curry was never troubled with doubt. When Richard Hall went to Chatham he found neither building nor member; yet he achieved a work with which his name will ever be associated.

The last name on the list is Robert E. Newton. He did distinguished work at home and abroad in his eighteen years of service. He had reached Swanwick to share in the Laymen's Missionary Conference when symptoms of pneumonia led to his removal to the Royal Infirmary at Derby, where he passed away the following morning.

Six other obituaries appear in the *Minutes*. Arthur Hoyle had ' a unique pulpit in the Methodist press,' and was ' a Methodist mystic, a master of spiritual fellowship with men because he knew how to be alone with God.' George MacNeill was another victim of a motor-car accident; William Mellor lived to be eighty-two; C. Wilfrid Cook was at home among the hallowed ministers of the house of God; Llewelyn Morgan made profound truths intelligible to the simplest of his hearers; Josiah Banham left a stainless memory and an influence that will long continue.

The Cellar

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

MR. and Mrs. Sammels, though not very new residents in Farley, were so quiet and self-contained an old couple, that they existed as mere figure heads in the village. Their very existence was at times overlooked; they made themselves so inconspicuous.

Miss Plunket described them as ' colourless ' and uninteresting but quite circumspect. Someone got it from somewhere that the Sammels got enough to live on by an accident to someone belonging to them, and a newspaper insurance. All that Farley really knew about them was that some five years age they had bought a six-roomed old house, which possessed a wonderful cellar. This house lay half way between the church and Bates's farm, and was built of stone, in the very centre of a belt of pine trees. The downstair rooms, three in number, were very large—the kitchen the largest of all. The three bedrooms above were not so large, as there was a large landing at the top of a quite exceptional staircase. This staircase was wide, and the steps shallow. The woodwork was beautifully carved. In day time it had always violet and rose lights upon it, which came from a tall, stained-glass window on the landing. The dining-room was covered with old oak, ceiling and all. The drawing-room was panelled with paintings of figures such as one sees in Dresden china, while the ceiling was painted with birds in flight. There were sconces for candles above each panel.

The house bore the name of Oasis, and had been built nearly two hundred years ago by a traveller called Montgomery, who had been found dead in the cellar by his valet—so the story ran. He had been shot, and a pistol lay by his side, his own pistol. But it was never made clear whether it was a case of suicide or murder. All that had happened long, long ago, and Oasis had been uninhabited ever since, till the Sammels bought it for a song from the London agent of a descendant of Montgomery's, who was said to be living in Russia.

Farley had got used to yearly visits of a stranger, who brought workmen to keep the place in repair. The subject had ceased to interest them.

But Oasis was avoided by the villagers. Sinister enough it looked in its dull grey coat, its small windows, and its belt of pines.

The Sammels, who were simple folk, who had run a small eating house in the Borough High Street in London, found Oasis by means of an advertisement which had appeared at intervals in a number of papers for the last fifty years! Quite a lot of people had come to have a look at Oasis, which was to be had so cheaply, during those years, and all had gone away without purchasing, till the Sammels came.

Farleyites were all agape at first when furniture arrived at Oasis; but when they saw a humdrum couple, who were of no account, take possession, their interest flagged.

Old Bill Price, the sexton, who was then 'going strong,' remarked to any one who would listen, 'I wouldn't have that house as a gift—no, I wouldn't: and I wouldn't go into that cellar under it for untold gold!' He further uttered the prophecy that these Sammels would soon take themselves off—they'd find there was something else in Oasis besides themselves.

However, the Sammels lived on quietly and peacefully it would appear. But they were not popular. They did not make friends with any of the villagers. The worst offence of all was that they bought nothing in the village. They had a ramshackle governess-cart, in which they made bi-weekly excursions to Hastings to purchase supplies. They certainly had milk, left by Bates from the farm near by, but beyond that they spent no money at all in the village. They attended no place of worship, and had refused to ask the clergyman in when he presented himself at the door—the forbidding door of Oasis.

One day, Lady Laverdy of the Manor House had said to her husband in reference to these recluses at Oasis, 'I do hope there won't be another tragedy at that house! It is a house that I can't look on without a shudder.'

Oasis was visible from the terrace of the Manor, where Lady Laverdy was standing with her husband as she spoke.

'It does not look very cheerful I must own,' Sir John laughed. 'I have half a mind to sketch it now; that is, what of it is visible. It seems to hide in that belt of pines as much as it can, and to hide its secret altogether. I went over it once, as you know, with a view of getting my friend Macever to take it for a summer *pied-à-terre,* but I felt the moment I entered the hall that it was somehow suggestive of a tomb. No, I don't like the place; yet the drawing-room walls and ceiling are beautiful. They have been decorated, I am sure, by a big artist, and nowhere could I find a signature. That staircase, too, is carved by men who knew their craft from A to Z. The

chimney-piece in the dining-room is a magnificent piece of carving.'

'What amazes me,' broke in Lady Laverdy, 'is that the man who planned the house, regardless of expense, should have given it only six rooms. The place should have been a mansion, and not a huge house with only six rooms. It is absurd.'

Well, the Sammels appeared to be contented. Anyway, they stayed on. Their humble governess-cart reposed in a most perfect coach-house. Their fat little pony inhabited a corner of a gorgeous stable with boxes for six horses. Above this stable and coach-house was a well-constructed set of servants' quarters —four sleeping rooms, and a big dwelling-room. There was no garden at all. Possibly it was just a glorified shooting-box. The cellar, of which Bill Price had spoken, ran under the entire house and was supported by pillars which had arches uniting them. It was a little like a crypt of a church. It boasted accommodation for a vast amount of wine, the bins being carried round three sides. There was a marble-topped, very wide shelf, on arches, on the fourth wall, evidently for larder use. The ceiling had great hooks for hanging meat or birds.

Mrs. Sammels had investigated this cellar with delight. It was well ventilated, and the floor of grey stone added much merit in her eyes. It was reached by a flight of stone steps from the kitchen; so, as the old couple lived in the kitchen, it was a very handy larder indeed. There were good locks on the wine-bins—in perfect condition after all these years!—but naturally the old couple locked nothing but their front and back doors. Why should they? They had no wine. They had no treasures. The kitchen where they lived had a gargantuan, open fireplace, with great ovens, and a cistern for hot water. They bought a portable fire-basket—full large—and placed in the grate, soon after their arrival.

'That there grate would eat us out of house and home,' Mrs. Sammels had voiced when she saw it.

'It would so,' Mr. Sammels had agreed. 'I guess an ox could be roasted in front of it if it were set going proper.'

But the old couple loved the white-tiled walls, which made the place look so clean and light, they liked the evenly flagged floor, where they had an extensive rug before the fireplace, on which stood their two roomy, high-backed wooden chairs, the deal table close up for comfort. That worn, deal table, so vast, and so lined by much scrubbing, had been in the grimy kitchen in the Borough High Street in London.

One night, in blustery March, when the old couple were enjoying their supper of sausage-rolls and coffee, they were startled by the clanging of the front-door bell.

'Gracious goodness!' cried the old lady, 'what can that be?—and me with a weak heart and all!'

'It must be the front-door bell,' said Sammels. 'Lordy! it has got a sound to it!'

Oddly enough, though this old couple had been in the house for years, neither of them had ever heard that front-door bell ring, though they knew that the thick chain, with the heavy brass cone-shaped weight at the end of it, must ring a bell. No, there had been no callers to ring that formidable bell. The vicar had been 'shooed-off' before he could reach the bell.

Clang! went the bell once more, resounding through the big spaces of that six-roomed house.

'Let us both go, Abra-m,' pronounced Sarah, his wife, rising in a very determined way. 'No one wanting any good can be ringing at our place this time of night!'

'You stop where you are, Sarah,' commanded Abraham, who lighted a storm-lantern before going into the dark hall.

Again the bell clanged. 'Half-time!' bellowed Sammels as he strode along the stone-flagged hall towards the formidable oak door, with its huge bolts and bars, and heavy chain.

'That's you right enough, Uncle Abra'm!' came from a voice outside. 'Maybe by now you've tumbled to it who I am!'

'Holy Moses!' cried Abraham, 'if it isn't young Harry! You wait while I try to undo this Chinese puzzle of a door,' he shouted. 'It wants oil and a hammer I'm thinking to shoot back them bolts. We never open this door.'

'Well, isn't there another way in?' shouted the voice outside. 'It's blowing something awful out here, and I'm as cold as "charity-dogget."' Come round and show me the other way in.'

'Sure thing, Harry,' called Sammels. 'You stop there. I'll be round with my lantern in a jiffy.'

A few moments more and the young man called Harry—whose other name was Saunders—was affectionately embracing his Aunt Sarah in the big kitchen, while she, all hot with excitement, was bewailing the fact that there was no bed to offer her nephew. 'We don't use only our bedroom and the kitchen,' she explained, 'and why should we furnish more?'

'What can that matter?' Harry grinned. 'I've slept in a lot worse places than one of those chairs, I promise you—and I've got to be off to-morrow early. I've got to join my ship at

Tilbury. I had a fine old time tracing you, I can tell you. Mother made me promise, when she was dying, that I'd give her solid-silver teapot into Aunt Sarah's own hands. I went to the eating-house in the Borough High Street, and found nothing the same, except the flies! The flies are there same as ever, Aunt Sarah.'

'Aye! them flies!' muttered Mrs. Sammels, reminiscently, 'They fair worried my life out!'

'They worried your customers some,' Harry reminded her.

While Harry unpacked a massive and really handsome silver teapot, his aunt was frying a dish of ham and eggs for her nephew, which she left in peril while she admired the teapot.

'I mind that teapot,' she commented. 'It was an unredeemed pledge, and your dear mother always said I should have it if she went first. I thought maybe she'd forgotten. I sent a wreath down to Plymouth for her funeral. I couldn't get away as you well know, me cooking all day in that eating-house.'

Mrs. Sammels spread a white cloth on the corner of the table, and placed upon it a loaf of home-made bread, a jar of home-made jam, and a pat of Bates's excellent butter. Then came the ham and eggs, to be washed down by good coffee. Harry set to with the energy of a hungry man, declaring that this was the very nicest meal any fellow could wish for.

While the young sailor ate his meal, his Aunt Sarah nursed the teapot, lifting it now and again to feel how heavy it was.

'We'll have to lock this away in one of them there wine-bins,' she told her husband. 'Some rogue might get wind of me having it, and come and steal it.'

'Rubbage!' exclaimed Abraham, spluttering with amusement. 'Why should any one get wind of it, unless you, being so proud of it, go cackling round, telling folks! You ain't likely to I'm thinking. You've always kept yourself to yourself. Look at her, Harry! Do look! She's hugging that teapot like a blessed baby! The way she's talked of your mother's promise to give it to her! Every evening as sure as fate she bring up about that teapot, and start wondering if your mother had forgotten her promise. Now I reckon I'll have to fetch up the teapot every evening for her to nurse—and Harry, she'll never use it, no, but she'll be for ever polishing it.'

Abraham winked at Harry, whose amusement showed in his weather-beaten face; good-natured amusement be it understood. He had a soft spot in his heart for Aunt Sarah, who had been

very good to him when he was a small boy—before he ran away to sea.

It's rum how some folks dote on things that aren't alive,' he remarked. 'Men as well as women do it. Why, one shipmate of mine went down with the ship, when all but him and the "Old Man" had taken to the boats: and all because there was an old snuff-box in his bunk, which he'd given his fool-heart to! He would go back to fetch it, and our last boat had to go without him or be sucked down when the ship sank. My mother was set on that teapot too. She had it on the bed when she died. I was on shore then, but had to join my ship before the funeral. She told me not to part company with that teapot till I gave it to Aunt Sarah, so the bally thing has been doing sea-voyages ever since! Now I've found you, I'll maybe get peace of mind!'

He was still smiling as he said this, as if he saw some joke it it. To Mrs. Sammels there was nothing he ought to find to laugh at in devotion to this marvellous teapot. She changed the subject effectively by saying, 'You've no one but us now, Harry, so you'll make this your home when you come ashore. That is right and proper. We—me and your uncle—will furnish a bedroom first thing we do when you are gone, so as to be ready when you come ashore next time. But my! you'll think you're in a public hall or some such thing when you see the size of it!'

'Why, Harry, we'll have something to look forward to now,' put in his uncle heartily.

'*I shall!*' cried Harry, with enthusiasm. 'I'm fair sick of sailor's shake-downs: never had a home to come to since mother died—and that's three years ago.'

With that he pushed back his chair, and got up to fetch a big white canvas, bolster-like bag—the bag from which he had produced the teapot. He fumbled in it for a few minutes, with his back towards his uncle and aunt. Then he produced a wonderful black silk shawl worked in a floral design with brilliant colours.

'I've been carrying this round quite a bit,' he said, as he tossed it into his aunt's lap, smothering the silver teapot. 'I got it for you in Japan. I knew I'd find you sometime.'

Mrs. Sammels gasped. She had never seen anything half so grand in all her life.

'Why, it's fit for a queen, Harry!' she declared, as she passed her hand under the heavy fringe, and gazed at it ecstatically.

'Don't you be afraid to wear it, Aunt Sarah,' Harry advised.

'You put it on when you sit here of an evening. I'll like to think of you with it on, when I'm on the briny. More than likely I'll bring another when I come home again. It's fine to have a home to come to, and you'll see me come same as to-night.'

'No—not same as to-night,' contradicted Mrs. Sammels, 'for there'll be your room all ready for you.'

'We've got a bit behind us, Harry,' his uncle remarked, with a certain pride. 'We worked hard, your aunt and me, in that eating-house, but we made good money, and we were never the sort to think "there's more where that came from," like some people say, when they chuck their money about.'

'All the same, we weren't mean,' Mrs. Sammels put in quickly. 'Your uncle was never one to refuse to help another in need. You'd never believe the good your uncle's done, and said nothing.'

Harry looked across at his uncle with an affectionate grin on his tanned face.

'Now, I know that's true,' he affirmed, 'and I'm just wondering how you came by your name. You ain't a Jew. You've not a bit of the look of it, nor the ways.'

'Perhaps your mother never told you I was born in the workhouse?' his uncle said in a very small voice. 'But I do know how I got my name. An old man died in the workhouse called Abraham Sammels at the moment I was born. The folks there called me after him, for my mother, who died too, had never told them anything at all. That's all I know. But what does it matter where a soul comes into the world? All the doors are God's doors, even the workhouse door; and to my mind the door we go out by, don't matter. All of 'em lead to God, if we've done the best we know. Seems to me God don't count up our sins half as much as He counts up the way we've tried. I'm not scared of death, Harry; but I'll own I should be scared of a long illness. I'd like to go sudden if I could choose.'

The sailor's face had become solemn. His eyes were rivetted upon the pale noble face of his uncle, whose white hair seemed in some odd way to suggest a halo. He noted an almost feminine sweetness in the eyes, while the firm mouth and strong chin told another tale. Even as a child he had admired this uncle, whom he had never understood.

Mrs. Sammels interrupted her husband's flow of words by saying, 'Don't let's have no talk of dying and such things on our Harry's one night here, Abra'm.' Then, turning to Harry, she said, 'Your uncle won't go to church, and he won't have

no parsons round. Yet he says his prayers regular and he's a good man as I well know, after the forty years I've known him.'

Harry jumped up, quite determined to change the serious mood of the old couple. He caught up the shawl. He seized the massive teapot and placed it on the table. Then he spread out the shawl, and folded in cornerwise, and placed it round his aunt's shoulders. He unfastened a big cameo brooch, which clasped a muslin collar at his aunt's neck. 'I'll fix the shawl with this,' he said, 'and you'll go where there is a looking-glass and see yourself, while uncle shows me the cellar. I'd like to see the cellar, and there'll be no time in the morning. I'm off mighty early, worse luck; but I'll be coming back home. Go on, Aunt Sarah, take that candle and have a look at yourself.'

She smiled and did her nephew's bidding.

'Look here, uncle, don't you go talking about dying sudden and all that! It isn't fair to poor old auntie. You talk cheerful to her. We shall all go when our number is up, but I don't see no sense in harping on it,' said Harry.

'Maybe you're right, lad,' Sammels agreed humbly. 'I'll mind my words a bit more. Maybe folks ain't all alike. To me death is no terror, because I believe in God such a lot. But I'll mind what you have said. I wouldn't hurt your dear aunt's feelings for worlds. She's been a wonderful wife to me. She'll be happier now you've come, and she'll be watching for you to come back. She's been very sore that she never had a child of her own. You'll fill that empty place. We wondered and wondered what had become of you. She used to fret on stormy nights, and say, "Poor Harry! he may be on the sea this night. God help him!" and when she'd fret and fear for you I'd say, "The door of the sea leads to God same as our bedroom door." Now come and see the cellar.'

Mr. Sammels lit a storm-lantern and opened a heavy door in the wall, revealing a flight of stone steps. He descended, the sailor following, casting interested eyes round. 'It puts me in mind of the hold of a ship somehow,' said he. 'I never struck this sort of cellar before.'

Sammels showed his nephew the larder shelf, and the bins—in fact, all.

Young Harry all of a sudden took the storm-lantern from his uncle's hand, and dodging the many pillars which supported the three large floors above, made a more minute inspection of the cellar, apparently without any special result. He was frowning

as he drew up close to his uncle and said, ' I suppose all sailors are superstitious. You say you've shown me everything in the cellar—but I know there's something you haven't shown me: something you mayn't even know about. There is something evil in this cellar, uncle.'

The old man laughed. ' I've never seen nothing worse than myself in the cellar as yet,' he declared. ' You sailor-men are full of queer notions. Come on up to the kitchen and forget it. And don't you talk none of that nonsense to your aunt mind! '

' Not me! ' answered Harry.

* * * * * *

Next morning, very early, young Harry departed with his big bolster of a bag slung across his shoulder.

' Good-bye! ' he called as he strode through the belt of pines, ' I'll come home as soon as the sea'll let me.'

Old Sammels walked out from the clearing and entered the pine-belt, to catch the last glimpse of the one young thing they possessed. He was somehow very comforted to think that they could look forward to the visits of this almost son. He and Sarah would set about furnishing his room. He said this to Sarah, when he came back to the kitchen to find her dapping tears from her cheeks with the corner of her checked apron.

' Yes,' she answered in a muffled voice.

' And Sarah, we'll have a picture of a ship on the wall over the mantelpiece to make it homelike. I saw one—a big one—in a fine frame down in the Old Town. It's called " The Windjammer," I think, or something like that. It is one of them big sailing-ships with all the sails set.'

' Harry would like that! ' his aunt declared, smiling a watery smile. ' I remember as a little lad he was always drawing sailing-ships, and his first voyage was in one. Now, of course, he is " in steam," as he calls it—one of them " tramps " he says. Well, we'll go right down to Hastings and get that picture; and we'll look at a bit of furniture same time. You get the pony in the trap. It'll take our minds off. Queer he wouldn't let you drive him to the station, and said he liked Jack Barnard's car better. Seems he inquired in the village how he could get back to join his ship at Tilbury, and lit on Jack Barnard, who was going in early. All the same our pony could have took him! '

' Our pony is slow,' declared Sammels. ' Harry weren't taking no chances, which shows as he's made of the right stuff, though he's a bit superstitious.'

'What?' exclaimed Sarah in a puzzled tone.

'Why, I mean all sailors are,' Sammels explained awkwardly. 'Give me that silver teapot. I'll lock it in one of the bins for safety while we're away.'

'Yes, sure,' agreed Sarah. 'I'll get it out of the bedroom. There never was such a teapot, I do believe!'

'Hurry up, and don't stop in the bedroom admiring it. You can do that when we come back.' Sammels taunted affectionately.

'Here it is!' she said, 'and you hurry up! I'm going to get my things on.'

Sarah's 'things' were on. She waited to hear the clatter of hoofs on the flagged yard. She waited so long that she ran out to the stable to hurry her husband. The pony was munching hay contentedly in his palatial stall. She called 'Abra'm,' as loud as she could. No answer.

Then she called down the cellar, thinking maybe he was finding the lock of the bin awkward. No answer.

Then she descended the steps into the cellar. There was plenty of light—too much light, for what it revealed she would have shut out from her sight at any cost. Sammels lay on his back motionless. A look of terror was fixed in ghastly fashion on his dead face. Dead she knew he was.

* * * * * *

At the inquest the cause of death was given as 'fright,' which had stopped the heart. What had caused the fright was a mystery. But old Bill Price, the sexton, said he had got a fair notion what it was, adding, 'I'm glad that nephew came home, and will look after poor Mrs. Sammels.'

[*The sequel will be told in the December Magazine.*]

The mass movement in the Trichinopoly District from 1912 when the Christian community numbered 200 to 1927 when it exceeded 10,000 makes a stirring story, and the Rev. W. J. Noble tells it in a way that stirs the imagination. Caste families are beginning to follow the outcastes despite fierce persecution. From Burma we have a Report which surveys forty years of service since W. R. Winston entered Mandalay, where John H. Bateson had arrived three weeks earlier as chaplain to the troops. Three circuits are now in charge of Burmese ministers and there has been of late years a healthy growth in character, self-support, and missionary zeal.

Moses in Exile

By HENRY BURTON, D.D.

One hasty stroke from Moses' jewelled sword
Struck the Egyptian lifeless to the ground;
Alas! the spent life could not be restored,
And some had seen, though he had looked around.

Self-exiled now, at night, and in disguise,
He leaves the palace down the silent street;
The crescent moon hangs in the eastern skies,
As if to point him to a safe retreat.

His courtier's dress and sword he lays aside,
And takes the pilgrim's garb and staff instead;
By day he rests and waits till eventide,
Then journeys, with the smiling stars o'erhead.

Out of the dark he meets some caravan,
Moving in silence save its tinkling bell;
He bids them greeting, speaking man to man,
And knows his pilgrim dress will shield him well.

At last he halts, where Horeb rises grim,
Above the foot-hills and the level plain,
Where verdant pastures green the desert rim,
With here and there a strip of golden grain.

Jethro, like Salem's royal priest of old,
Had learned to worship at Jehovah's shrine,
Though not of Abraham's race or Hebrew fold,
He claimed the priesthood by a right divine.

So Jethro took the Hebrew to his heart,
Though he could give him but a menial place;
Yet he was glad to play the friendly part,
For Israel's sake, though of an alien race.

Will he accept the offer of the priest,
For whom a favouring star shone at his birth?
Yes, he will stay, to serve among the least,
Though reared among the nobles of the earth.

'My hand had caught the beating of my heart,
My dream was broken, Israel did not rise;
Now I must wait for God to do His part,
I bide His time and His supreme surprise.'

But what a stoop! in Egypt's wisdom skilled,
Trained in the urbane manners of the court,
His dream of Israel free all unfulfilled,
Now tending sheep, the butt of herdsmen's sport!

He quickly learns the shepherd's art and way,
The shepherd's voice, his accent and his calls,
Living among his trusting flock by day,
Then homeward leading as the swift night falls.

Slow pass the months, the seasons and the years,
The shepherd-life but one unvarying round;
No sign of Israel's freedom yet appears,
To Egypt's cruel yoke they still are bound.

Full thirty years, and still no sign, no change!
It is the same bright dome of silent sky
High o'er the Mount and the far desert range;
Slow pass the days, and slow the years pass by.

He cries, 'Where is the God of Abraham?
Has He forgot His promise of the stars?
Is there no message from the great I AM?
Is there some greater god His purpose bars?

'O God of Israel and of Jacob, hear!
Blot out my name, but let Thine Israel live!
Bring now Thy great deliverance near!
Lay not my sin on them, but, Lord, forgive!'

Mute is the desert, and the Sinai rocks,
So still and barren, give no sound or sign;
The shepherd hears but bleating of the flocks,
A vulture's scream, or lowing of the kine.

But lo! a bush aflame, but unconsumed,
Each leaf a living cloven tongue of fire,
Lit up the sky, the desert fold illumed,
Calling the shepherd to come barefoot nigher!

Out of the burning comes a Voice at last,
The Voice of the I AM—the Voice of God!
Summons the shepherd to his higher task,
Sends him to Pharaoh with his shepherd's rod!

. . . . . .

How soon we doubt, and murmur at our lot!
Thinking God far when He is closely nigh!
Calling ourselves forsaken and forgot,
When o'er our desert heaven's bright angels fly!

We drift at times along some Midian strait,
Landlocked, we think, and with no favouring breeze,
Just one good turn, and lo, we see the gate
That opens to the freedom of the seas!

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

IV. BUNYAN

A CASUAL acquaintance with the writings of Bunyan would not suggest that he was in any way a musician, or even that he knew anything about the art, but a more intimate knowledge of his works reveals the fact that he is dependent on music for some of his most apt illustrations, as well as for many of his finest and most telling passages. When Christian and Hopeful have ' put off mortality,' and are drawing towards the Heavenly Gate,

' There came out also at this time to meet them, several of the King's Trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with the melodious noises and loud, made even the Heavens to echo with their sound.'

So also we read that when Mr. Valiant-for-Truth received the summons that ' he must go hence,' he went down to the river-side, ' into which as he went, he said *Death, where is thy sting?* And as he went deeper he said, *Grave, where is thy victory?* So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

But whilst the trumpets are to Bunyan the token of joy and victory, the drums sound a very different note, and he uses them as heralds of disaster and forerunners of woe. The warning of the Diabolonian drum greatly affrighted the inhabitants of Mansoul. It was usually heard when darkness had fallen over the city, and ' no noise was ever heard upon earth more terrible, except the voice of Shaddai when he speaketh.'

But the music that he most loved was that of the bells, and he never forgot the joys he experienced in taking his part as a bell ringer in Elstow Church. It must have been with many a pang that he obeyed the dictates of conscience, and resigned his place in the belfry at Elstow. But the memory of the pealing remained, and so when, in his dream, Christian and his companion had the City itself in view ' they thought they heard all the Bells therein ring to welcome them thereto.'

It was a curious succession of possibilities, in which superstition played no slight part, that led to his decision. First he feared to go to the Steeple House, lest one of the bells should fall on him. So he decided to stand by the steeple-door, to watch his old companions ring the bells, but then the thought occurred

to him that the steeple itself might fall, and so he ' was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall on his head.'

The bells, like the trumpets, are to him the emblems of rejoicing, and he nearly always refers to them in that connexion. When Mansoul obtained its new charter ' the bells rang, the minstrels played, the people danced, the captains shouted, the colours waved in the wind, the silver trumpets sounded.'

Most of Bunyan's musical illustrations are derived from Scripture. He tells us how, at the entrance of the Prince Emmanuel into the city, he was ' entertained with song, by them that had the best skill in music in all the town of Mansoul. . . . So the singers went before, and the players on instruments followed after, and among them were damsels playing on timbrels ' (Psalm lxviii. 25).

He rarely strays from the list of Biblical instruments, save when he is reminded of those that he has heard on Elstow Green and at village fairs. When the rebels were pardoned, and returned to their homes in Mansoul, they entered the town with ' pipe and tabor going before them.' This combination of instruments is not literally scriptural, but it belongs essentially to the seventeenth and previous centuries of our history. The two were indispensable companions, for the piper sounded forth the tune whilst his companion marked the rhythm and supplied a sort of drone accompaniment on the tabor. This was similar to the more modern tambourine in appearance, but without the rattles.

He makes good use of St. Paul's ' tinkling cymbal,' and references to the instrument frequently occur. In *Grace Abouding* he explains that

' A tinkling Cymbal is an Instrument of Musick, with which a skilful Player can make such melodious and heart-inflaming Musick that all who hear him play can scarcely hold from dancing.'

' Behold, the Cymbal hath not Life, neither comes the Musick from it, but because of the Art of him that plays therewith, so then the instrument at last may come to nought and perish, though in times past such Musick hath been made upon it.'

The most notable passage dealing with music is the illustration that Great-heart gives of Fearing's despondent spirits:

' Some must pipe and some must weep. Now Mr. *Fearing* was one that played upon this bass; he and his fellows sound the sackbut, whose notes are more doleful than the notes of other

music are; though, indeed, some say the bass is the ground of music. And, for my part, I care not at all for that profession that begins not in heaviness of mind. The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune. God also plays upon this string first, when He sets the soul in tune for Himself. Only here was the imperfection of Mr. *Fearing,* he could play upon no other music but this, till towards his latter end.'

Then Bunyan gives his reason for this musical illustration.

'I make bold to talk thus metaphorically, for the ripening of wits of young readers; and because, in the book of the Revelations, the saved are compared to a company of musicians that play upon their trumpets and harps, and sing their songs before the throne.'

The only hymn-singing Bunyan ever heard must have been in church, for in the meeting-house at Bedford where he worshipped and preached the voice of praise was ever silent, and the singing of a hymn formed no part of public worship. According to the records of the church the subject of public praise was not introduced till two years after Bunyan's death, when at a church meeting 'it was debated and agreed that Publick Singing of Psalms be practised by the Church with a caution that none others perform it but such as can sing with grace in their Hearts according to the Command of Christ.'

There is, however, an earlier record as far back as 1674, in which 'the singing of Psalms was propounded to the congregation,' but there is no evidence that the suggestion was carried out.

It is probable that in those meeting places where dissenters or nonconformists came together, it was their practice to sit during the act of singing, if the custom was indulged in at all, and this habit gave great offence to the authorities of certain parish churches. At a Court held at Ampthill early in 1685 it was ordered that all persons 'who do not come at the beginning of Divine Service, kneeling at all Prayers, and standing up at the Glory, at the Creed, and Hymns,' should be 'presented,' or in other words caused to appear at the Quarter Sessions to explain their conduct.

As a boy he attended service at Elstow Church, and was duly impressed with all he saw there. 'So overcome was I with the spirit of superstition that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else) belonging to the church.'

This was written in later years, as he did not finally go to live at Bedford till he reached his twenty-fifth year, but it is evident that he was well acquainted with the Old Version of the Psalms, and the verses of Sternhold, Hopkins, and others were quite familiar to him. From this source he quotes two verses in describing how the birds sing to the pilgrims.

Christiana thought she heard in a Grove a little way off on the right hand a most curious melodious note, with words much like these,

> Through all my Life thy Favour is
> So frankly shewed to me,
> That in thy House for evermore
> My dwelling place shall be.

And listening still she thought she heard another answer it, saying,

> For why? The Lord our God is good,
> His mercy is for ever sure;
> His Truth at all times firmly stood,
> And shall from age to age endure.

Prudence tells her that it is the country birds that are singing. ' They sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the Spring when the Flowers appear, and the Sun shines warm, and then you may hear them all day long.' Writing from within his prison walls Bunyan thus reveals the care-free days of the spring-time of his life when he would wander through the country-side and hear the birds pouring out their melodious song in their Maker's praise. In his *Book for Boys and Girls* he again pays tribute to the songsters of the air,

> This pretty bird, O! how she flies and sings.
> But could she do so if she had not wings?
> Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
> When I believe and sing my doubtings cease.

Although Bunyan occasionally drops into poetry he certainly has no claims to be ranked amongst hymn-writers. The numerous snatches of homespun verse that he makes his pilgrims sing as they pursue their journey can be fitted to no melody that he could possibly have been acquainted with. He uses the words ' say ' and ' sing ' casually; for instance, the Shepherd Boy ' said ' his song, ' He that is down need fear no fall.' Both this and Valiant's, ' Who would true valour see,' have been introduced into recent hymnals though the latter has, unfortunately, been much changed by some editors in the process.

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

XI. MAMMA

THIS evening, Chickabiddy unearthed a pencil sketch from my old portfolio, which she cast aside with a little grimace.

'I don't like that lady,' she pronounced emphatically. 'She makes me want to cry.'

I picked up the despised sketch, and as I gazed at the beautiful face of a middle-aged woman—a face I had sketched many years ago at Bristol—I felt much as Chickabiddy had felt. I recalled a sultry August morning when pausing by a toy-shop close to Bristol Bridge, I saw this slender woman, who was perfectly gowned, lead a pretty child by the hand into the toy-shop. I recalled that the child was dressed in white frilly muslin, and that her long yellow curls descended below the blue sash which encircled her waist. I remembered a sense of pleasure which came to me when the child looked over her shouder, and I saw that her eyes were of the exact blue of her sash.

I was seized with a longing to paint the child's portrait—not as a commission, but for myself. To my mind this radiant little pink and white face, set with those big innocent blue eyes, was the very personification of lovely childhood. She looked about five years old, I decided.

For a short time I stood pretending to examine the toys so attractively displayed in the shop window, but in reality studying the child from the open shop door. The child was dancing about with joy as one toy after another was bought for her. Then I heard her high treble voice say, 'Mamma, why don't we have the carriage when we come out to buy toys? We have the carriage when we go out to buy other things! We shall have such a lot to carry.'

'Perhaps I like carrying toys,' came in a low musical voice from 'Mamma.'

She turned as she spoke, and faced me. She was smiling, but I think I never saw a sadder face. From memory I made the little sketch of her to which Chickabiddy had taken objection.

I was still apparently enthralled by the contents of the shop window when they passed out.

I heard the child say, 'Auntie, I remembered to call you "Mamma?"'

The woman whispered a hush, and the two passed over the road, soon to be lost to sight.

* * * * *

Several years later I was asked by the head mistress of a girls' school, who happened to be a friend of mine, to distribute the prizes on Prize Day.

One after another the girls came up to receive a prize, and to each I said something meant to be encouraging. The performance was to me a little mechanical until my senses became suddenly alert by the vision of a tall, fair girl with very blue eyes, who had come up in her turn. I had her prize handed to me by one of the mistresses, and noted that it was for music. I saw that her name was Agatha Stretton. Where had I seen her before? Then as a proof of the fact that some subconscious cerebration pigeonholes things for us in most orderly fashion, ready to be put out into view when the right moment comes, I saw again that toy-shop at Bristol Bridge. Surely Agatha Stretton was that child I had seen, years before, and had so longed to paint. Then another pigeon-hole in my brain recalled to me the child's strange words uttered when leaving the shop, 'Auntie I did not forget to call you "Mamma."'

At the close of the proceedings, Miss Langhurst, the head mistress and I were having a little talk in her private room, and I told her the toy-shop story.

'My dear Gabrielle!' she exclaimed. 'Agatha is certainly the child you saw that day. Her aunt, Mrs. Morris-Burnet, has recently died—a most charming woman, of beautiful character, but grief-stricken because she so longed for a child, and was childless. Agatha has told me that when she stayed with her Aunt Isabel she had promises of heaps of toys if she would call her "Mamma" when they went out together. Agatha seemed to think it very funny. I did not. Poor Mrs. Morris-Burnet was a born mother. To her it must have been a tragedy to have no child. She apparently found a curious solace in having this little niece call her "Mamma" before strangers. You see she wanted the joy of the pretence of being a mother before strangers who could not know she was childless. She loved her husband and he adored her. They had a fine home at Clifton, and had everything money could buy. But they could not buy the one thing they craved—a child of their own.

'Mrs. Morris-Burnet founded that wonderful nursery for the children of the poor in Clifton, where poor mothers could leave their little ones while they went out to work. She spent much

of her time there, and really mothered the small mites. I would like you to see the place, Gabrielle. It is so ideal that only a born mother could ever have contrived it. Believe me, this motherless woman had a very big family!'

'And Agatha?' I said interrogatively.

'Oh, Agatha was less her child than any of these poor mites,' said Miss Langhurst. 'She was fond of her aunt certainly, but rather inclined to laugh at her. She said, after telling me the "Mamma" story, "Auntie was rather silly, poor dear!"'

Looking at the little memory-sketch of Mrs. Morris-Burnet, I felt a lump rise in my throat. I thought of the many unwanted children, and of those empty mother hearts, with no small treasure to fill them.

There must be many such women I pondered. I knew that my own heart had been empty till I adopted Chickabiddy. But then, I never married, so I could not know the pain poor Mrs. Morris-Burnet endured. Still, there must have been some fulfilment for her, in mothering those poor children in that ideal 'Day Nursery' she endowed and worked in so lovingly till her end came.

Miss Langhurst told me that all the older children from the Nursery followed her to her grave, together with weeping mothers in their shabby work-a-day garments. 'And her husband—one of the best—said to me after all was over (and he had allowed me, as one of his wife's dearest friends, to tarry with him awhile in his darkened home), "My Isabel was a mother though she bore no child. She possessed many children; and she loved those children in her Nursery. I shall do what I can to carry on her work: but no one—no, not any one—can fill her place either here in my home, or in that Nursery where she made a sort of heaven for those whose life outside it was grim and sordid and miserable."'

With memories crowding around me, I placed my little sketch of 'Mamma' reverently into its envelope.

His praise shall continually be in my mouth.—Ps. xxxiv.

'My soul,' said I, 'wilt thou not weary Him
With thy poor monotone through all the days?'
The answer came: 'His blessings ceaselessly
Are warrant and constraint for ceaseless praise.'

—Mark Guy Pearse.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

'The Bible and its Inspiration.'

THE Rev. J. Arundel Chapman has written No. 20 of the 'Fellowship of the Kingdom Pamphlets.' He is specially concerned for those who are under the vague, yet disabling impression that in recent years the Bible has lost something of its former glory. For the most part, such people have not read books on the critical approach to the Bible. It would have been better if they had; but they have been told by those who have heard it from someone else that the authority of the Bible has been undermined, and they feel with the Psalmist:

> If the foundation be destroyed,
> What can the righteous do?

The arguments here set forth by a true Christian scholar should do something to reassure any who are in doubt. 'Recent criticism, whilst removing many difficulties, has touched nothing vital.' The pamphlet only costs threepence and every one should read it.

'The Old World and the New Faith.'

This is a new edition of a handbook by the Rev. W. Fiddian Moulton, M.A., which has proved its value for thirty years. It owes much to Bishop Lightfoot's works and to Sir W. M. Ramsay's epoch-making books on St. Paul. Still more is it enriched by a son's contact with that great New Testament scholar, Dr. W. F. Moulton. The book has provided several generations of students at Cliff College, with a handy and concise framework of early Christianity. The Introduction describes the State of the world at the coming of Christ, which coincided with the time of man's greatest need. Despite its outward splendour the vast Roman Empire lacked a faith and no ability of soldiers or administrators could save it from the doom which comes upon a faithless world. The temples were the last place to which a man would go when seeking help to lead a better life and gain victory over the evil within him. Mr. Fiddian Moulton notes some of the grounds upon which the New Faith was likely to provoke hostility among the Jews in the Roman Empire, and from the man in the street. 'Not only did the demand for images and victims fall off where Christian teaching obtained a hold upon the popular mind, but the decline touched other

industries less directly associated with religion, for Pliny, in the most celebrated of his letters to Trojan, naively admits that it was the shrinkage in the hay trade which first seriously directed his attention to the Christians.' In ten chapters Mr. Moulton describes the Church at Jerusalem, the Ministry of Stephen and Philip, Caesarea and Antioch, the Call and the Missionary Journeys of St. Paul, and his voyage to Rome. It is not only a lucid and instructive survey but one that is deeply interesting also. (4*s.* net.)

'The Handmaid of the Lord.'

This is a brief account of the Mother of Jesus, by Alice Isabel Cook, simply and devoutly told, and lovingly dedicated to all women who feel that they also are 'here to serve the Lord.' It is a book that mothers will specially prize. The days of preparation, the chief incidents in the Gospel story, the agony of the Crucifixion, and the crowning joys of the Resurrection and of Pentecost, all are told in a way that fills us with reverent regard for a woman whose name is dear to the lovers of our Lord. (1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

John Bunyan.

This is Bunyan's month and the *Spectator* says Mr. Winboult Harding's *John Bunyan: His Life and Times* 'presents a concise and readable summary of Bunyan's life, and is notable for its wise and illuminating commentary upon the Puritan spirit in general.' It is the most complete and compact little Life of the man to whom the world owes so great a debt. (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Fine Temperance Dialogues.

Dark evenings are with us now and in all live Churches and Sunday schools arrangements are sure to be made to keep in touch with the young people as well as the old. Temperance teaching is surely one of the aims of the up-to-date minister, teacher, or leader. Many an evening in the Band of Hope and in the Wesley Guild, especially the junior section, can be devoted to this particular object by way of interesting dialogues. Young folk like to take the character of some person and recite and even act the part. Temperance dialogues suitable for these advanced days are not easily obtainable but the Epworth Press has now issued a series that will suit both youngsters and adults. *The 'Pioneer' Book of Dialogues* is edited by Mrs. S. Mary Foxon and consists of ten

excellent dialogues, two of which are by the author and the other eight are by such well-known writers as Mary Entwistle, Margaret Baker, Dorothy Staunton, A. Halbert, C. Cross and W. J. May. Just look at the titles and we are sure they will strike the reader as most suggestive. 'Redskin and Paleface,' 'Sixpennyworth,' 'Nobody wants us,' 'The Knighting of Bobby,' 'Drilling at Home,' 'Fit for the Team,' 'Counting their Wages,' 'Drink and the Nations,' 'Dragon Slayers,' 'A Crusade for To-day.' Naturally these subjects point to the discussion in dialogue form of such subjects as Drink and the Natives, keeping fit for athletics, wasting money, the international question, and the last the programme of the Temperance Council and the Christian Churches. East dialogue is preceded by instructions as to the dresses of the children and how they are to stand, &c. In fact, with any one of these a very fine piece of Temperance teaching can be inculcated to an audience in a way that will be interesting and entertaining. As a whole book they cost one shilling, but they are also divided into five parts at twopence each. Our advice to Temperance workers is get the dialogues at once and so be sure of many a capital evening.

Remember the N.C.H.O.

One of the best ways of increasing the interest in the National Children's Home is to read the new book by Herbert J. Sugden, *Children on Wheels: being the Adventures of a Travelling Company.* As our readers know, Mr. Sugden has been for eighteen years in charge of the choirs of the boys and girls in the N.C.H.O. as they have toured all over the country. Such a long experience with the children must of necessity present many interesting and often amusing incidents as well as some of a pathetic nature. In this live book he has told the story of those eventful years with a raciness which grips the reader and holds from first to last. Here is the story of a Chairman and this is only a sample of many:

'We once had a chairman who, on meeting me in the anteroom, before the concert, gave me the impression that we could not hope to move him to any sympathy at all. While the children were singing, a strange change came over his face. It relaxed, and something suspiciously like a tear was shining in his eyes. The children had done what no speech could do. And at the end of the meeting he came to me with a look indescribable, his hand held out, and in a very husky voice, which he could hardly control said, "Here, take it—it's all I've got on me.

If I'd had more I'd have given you that too," and he fled. I opened the hand he had been holding in his, and there lay a five-pound note and two sovereigns in gold!' The children themselves are the best advocates the Home possesses.

Don't forget to order this book as one to give away before or at Christmas. (3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Our Magazines.

We shall very soon have the New Year upon us, and it now is the time to decide upon the magazines which shall be brought into the home month by month. Readers are reminded that besides this Magazine we publish others of a helpful type for different constituencies. For 1929 we have made arrangements for such well-known writers as the following to contribute to *The Methodist Magazine*—Dr. Vincent Taylor, Leslie Weatherhead, M.A., W. Bardsley Brash, M.A., D.Lit., Mark Guy Pearse, P. T. McCormick, of St. Martin's in the Fields, J. Williams Butcher, J. Herbert Rider, C. Oscar Owers, H. G. Reynolds, James T. Lightwood, Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, Miss Estelle Gwynne (who contributes the serial story), and others. *The London Quarterly Review* (2*s.* 6*d.*) will begin with an article, 'The Training of John Wesley.' Dr. Ballard will write on 'The Life Hereafter,' and other contributors will include Dr. A. S. Way, Dr. Vincent Taylor, Prof. Henderson, of Aberdeen, Dr. Tasker, Leslie H. Bunn, B.A., and other scholarly writers. There is nothing on the market quite like *The Choir*, which is really indispensable for church musicians. It is brightly written, full of information on the music of to-day and yesterday, and every month it gives an anthem which choirs know how to appreciate. It is 4d. a month. *The Preacher's and Class-Leader's Magazine* (4*d.*) has enlarged its size and its constituency. Preachers have always prized it; now class-leaders are using it and find suggestive material for their work. It is doing real service to a host of invaluable workers. The *Church Record* (1½*d.*) is to have a bright story by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan as its serial, and a delightful one it is. Its contributors include Mark Guy Pearse, Stanley Sowton, H. J. Shepstone, and other gifted writers. It is well illustrated and full of variety. Fathers and mothers can find nothing more attractive than the *Kiddies' Magazine* (2*d.*). Its pictures, in black and white and in colours, and its stories are inimitable. Give your bookseller an order and have these magazines delivered every month.

NOW READY.

THE BECKLY LECTURE, 1928.

WORLD LOYALTY. Being a Study of the Spiritual Pilgrimage towards World Order.

By J. C. MAXWELL GARNETT, C.B.E., Sc.D. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, **2/6** net. (Post 3d.) Paper, **1/6** net. (Post 2d.).

Are the 'Christian' nations going back to the old international anarchy; or are they going to lead the world into the way of peace? The answer depends on public opinion, which is the theme of this book. The author analyses its nature and discusses how to educate it so as to render progress towards world order possible, and how to organise it so as to make that progress actual.

THE FERNLEY LECTURE, 1928.

ISRAEL'S DEBT TO EGYPT

5/- net. (Post 4d.),

is the new Fernley which Dr. SUGDEN came from Australia to deliver. It is a subject which throws a flood of light on the Old Testament, and the lecturer has made it his own by wide research. The historical contacts between Egypt and Israel are clearly brought out and Egyptian influence is traced on the conception of God, worship and ritual, and the belief in immortality. Egypt sets its impress on the language, the literature, the arts and crafts of Israel. It is a subject of extraordinary interest and is treated with a fulness of knowledge which makes it a book of unusual importance and significance.

THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

THE 'ACME'
Individual Communion Outfit

Designed by a Methodist Minister to meet Methodism's need.

SPECIFICATION.

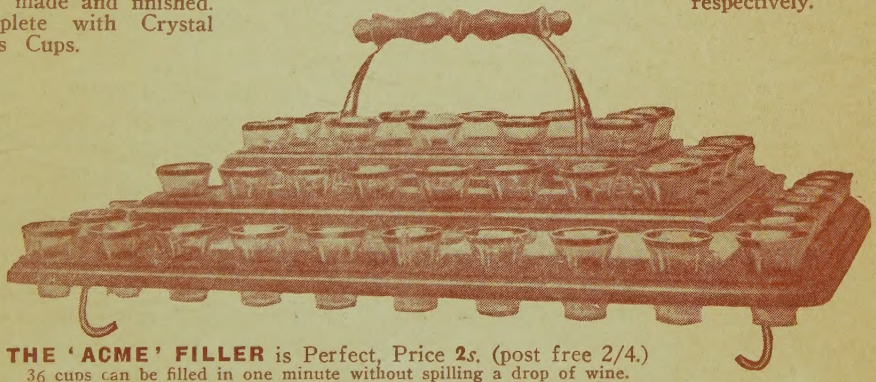
Polished Oak or dull Polished Walnut, Electro-plate Fittings, Ebonised Handle, the whole beautifully made and finished. Complete with Crystal Glass Cups.

CUPS FOR REPLACEMENT.

Supplies of high grade Cups, beautiful shape, pure white flint, Price **4**s. per doz., or with gilt rim **6**s. per doz.

No. 1—20 Cups	**£2 2 0**
No. 2—36 Cups	**£3 1 6**
No. 3—64 Cups	**£5 9 0**

With Gold Rim Cups at **3***s.* **6***d.*, **6***s.* and **10***s.* **6***d.* extra respectively.



THE 'ACME' FILLER is Perfect, Price **2***s.* (post free 2/4.)
36 cups can be filled in one minute without spilling a drop of wine.
SIMPLE TO WORK. ..... EASY TO CLEAN.

THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

WHO LOVES A RAINY DAY?

Well, who does? And yet Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN, in the book of that title, **2/-** net (post 3d.) shows how rainy days may be made useful and blessed. But that is only one of the twelve topics which this gifted writer deals with in talks to women, and particularly to mothers. Many of the difficulties which face women in the home are tackled with great shrewdness and wise insight. Almost every phase of home-life finds a place in this book.

CAPT. MATTHEW FLINDERS, R.N.

His Voyages, Discoveries and Fortunes. By JOSEPH BRYANT, Author of *Coral Reefs and Cannibals.* With Preface by Prof. Sir FLINDERS PETRIE. Crown 8vo. Cloth, illustrated, jacket in colour. **3/6** net. (Post 4d.)

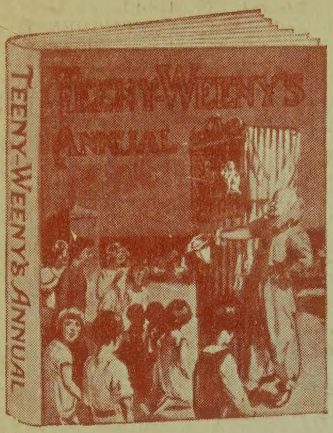
'The magnificent courage, indomitable perseverance, and doggedness of this great sailor make splendid reading. He was a Lincolnshire lad who very early went to sea and attained, by his own initiative and concentrated labours, a great place among naval heroes.'

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON: THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, E.C.1.

FOUR SPLENDID ANNUALS.

For Children 4 to 8 years.



Teeny-Weeny's Annual

(formerly Redcaps' Annual)

Under the title of 'Redcaps'' this *real* children's annual has for 14 years delighted hosts of little folk. It is a treasure house of stories and pictures, over 100 pages printed in black and white and 48 pages in colour, with eight full-page plates. It has been further simplified for tiny tots—is printed in big, bold type, and will prove a friend indeed to all Teeny-Weeny's!

Varnished Picture boards. Cloth back. Size 10½ x 8ins.

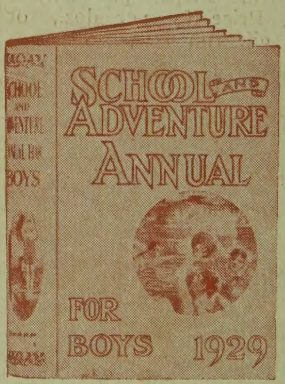
3s. 6d. net.

School and Adventure Annual for Boys.

Containing stories of Adventure, School Life and Sport, &c. Written by popular authors, including John G. Rowe, C. N. Grove, Horace Andrews, George Compton, &c. Entirely new matter especially written; good, clean, exciting stories. Cloth back, splendid cover design. Two plates in colour and four black-and-white pictures.

Size 8½ x 5¾ins. 1¼in. thick.

2s. 6d. net.



School and Adventure Annual for Girls.

192 pages, stories of School and Sport, Adventure and Girl Guides. Full-page illustrations in three-colour and four black-and-white pictures. A fine set of stories by girls' writers, which include Mona Young, S. E. Marten, Maud Silvester, Bertha Lloyd, Vara Pentreath and others. A particularly effective gift for a girl 12 to 16 years.

Cloth back, dainty picture cover. Size 8½ x 5¾ins., 1¼ ins. thick.

2s. 6d. net.

For Young Folk of 9 to 12 years.

The Tip-Top Annual

(formerly Kiddies' Annual)

Size 10ins. x 7½ins. Attractively bound, varnished picture boards, with fine cover design, 240 pages of stories and pictures in black and white, and colour, and four full-page plates in three-colour. The young people will much appreciate its wealth of good things. Wrapper printed in colours. Crammed full of stories and pictures. Printed throughout on good quality paper with many new features.

3s. 6d. net.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. Alfred Sharp), 25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

PUBLISHED BY THE EPWORTH PRESS (J. ALFRED SHARP), 25-35, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.,
PRINTED BY RUSH & WARWICK, HARPUR PRINTING WORKS, BEDFORD.